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SENATOR JOHNSON OF CALIFORNIA has struck a telling blow at President Hoover in his reply to a telegram from seventy California editors asking for an "emphatic declaration" in support of the Republican national and State tickets. The Senator replied: "I cannot and will not support Mr. Hoover." He also gave them this useful information: "If you were the representatives of 7,000 newspapers, or just one ordinary American citizen, my answer would be the same." This is political courage and refreshing political frankness. It is true that the Senator is not up for reelection this year, but he will be two years hence and he undoubtedly is risking his political future. We believe, however, that in the long run he will gain far more than he will lose among hidebound party-machine men by the bold position he has taken. Moreover, he put well in his letter to the editors the real difference between the true progressive and the Hoover type of public man. The progressive, he says, "believes this government belongs to all its people, not to a favored or privileged few," while "the standpatter, paying lip service to common humanity, makes a mock of his words by his courting of special classes and his subserviency to the special interests, and his indifference . . . to the ruthless exploitation of our people." That is exactly true of Mr. Hoover's attitude; it alone stamps him as unfit for the White House. In this position Senator Johnson has only reiterated the stand which he and Theodore Roosevelt took in 1912. The Colonel at that time, it will be remembered, called the gang which then ran the Republican machine "thieves and robbers."

EVEN REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPERS admitted in their reports of the Madison Square Garden meeting that Calvin Coolidge did not have as good a time in voicing his views on the campaign and urging the reelection of Mr. Hoover as had generally been anticipated. Contrary to advance announcements that there would be 50,000 in and outside the Garden, there were many empty seats within the hall and nobody on the streets. Three times the audience laughed at Mr. Coolidge when he did not intend that it should and his irritation was obvious. The speech was in his worst style of English, and was full of misstatements which it was easy enough for the Democrats to point out. For example, Senator Robinson of Arkansas cleverly showed that when Mr. Coolidge erroneously ascribed to Mr. Hoover the salvation of the gold standard, he failed to read what the Republican campaign textbook says on page 144: "The drain on our monetary reserves was *resumed,* becoming particularly active again in May and June," going on to attribute the cessation of the withdrawal of gold to other causes than the genius of Herbert Hoover. Devastating, too, was Senator Robinson's quotation from President Calvin Coolidge's final message to Congress only nine months before the crash came: "Enlarging production is consumed by an increasing demand at home and expanding commerce abroad. The country can regard the present with satisfaction and *the future with optimism.*" Yet the man who could write this and is known to have a personal dislike for Mr. Hoover insists that the reelection of the President is essential to our welfare!

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT made an excellent address on October 13, when he stated his position unequivocally on the duty of the state toward unemployment and relief for the destitute. He went farther than he heretofore has done in recognizing the obligation not only of the State but of the federal government to maintain the unemployed. He declared that it was the first duty of the community to care for the indigent and the unemployed, and he quoted from his message to the Legislature in 1931 his acceptance at that time of the principle that the State must care for those of its citizens "who find themselves the victims of such adverse circumstances as make them unable to obtain even the necessities of bare existence without the aid of others." Now he accepts the same principle as applying to the federal government, "if and when it becomes apparent that States and communities are unable to take care of the necessary relief work." Whereas last year he weakened his position by saying that the government must never, never give money in the form of a dole, but should donate merely supplies bought with State money, he did not this time put any limitations upon the manner of relief. He went on to reaffirm that part of the Democratic platform which calls for unemployment insurance, and declared that this

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is no new policy for him as he has been advocating it for some years. Finally, he came out in favor of destroying slums and replacing them with modern buildings for workers, and opposed any cutting down of appropriations for child welfare, rightly going on record against that monstrous attitude of Secretary Wilbur that on the whole the depression is "a good thing for the children of the country." Said he: "You and I know the appalling fact that malnutrition is one of the saddest by-products of unemployment. The health of these children is being affected not only now, but for all the rest of their lives."

NORMAN THOMAS has received 106,352 votes in the *Literary Digest* poll, 5.3 per cent of the total thus far counted. Calculations based on this figure indicate that he should receive in November nearly 2,500,000 votes, or two and a half times as many as Debs rolled up in 1912. The figures may, indeed, exceed these estimates since the *Digest* poll probably reached comparatively few voters of the classes hardest hit by the economic collapse and therefore most aggressively discontented—the tenant farmers and the unemployed workers. Some of our Liberal friends have betrayed growing anxiety over these indications. "A vote for Thomas," they insist, "is a vote for Hoover," and they urge that any protest against the present regime in Washington must, to be effective, aim at the election of Roosevelt. With this attitude we disagree on a number of counts. But we wish now merely to reassure the worried Democrats by pointing out the sources of Norman Thomas's present support as analyzed by the *Digest* itself. Of the 106,352 Thomas voters in the *Digest* poll, 11,547 supported the Socialist ticket in 1928, while 48,945 voted Republican and 24,354 Democratic. A vote for Thomas this year is in fact a vote for Thomas—and a plague on both their houses.

THE SECRET TARIFF RATES agreed upon at Ottawa, now at last public and in effect, reveal what had been widely suspected—that their net result is to increase, and not diminish, the tariff barriers of the world. Seventy-nine different kinds of manufactured goods from Great Britain on which Canada has imposed duties will be admitted free during the next five years, but in the case of 136 other commodities the preference given to Great Britain by Canada is increased in only 53 instances by the lowering of tariffs on imports from Great Britain, while in 83 instances the preference is increased by the raising of tariffs against other countries. The net effect will be arbitrarily to deflect the channels of trade, which is certain to produce adverse world results. It has been estimated by authorities at Washington that the new Canadian tariff may reduce sales of the United States to Canada by about $75,000,000 a year.

THUS OUR TWO GREATEST CUSTOMERS, Canada and the United Kingdom, certainly as an indirect result of the Hawley-Smoot tariff, put up further barriers against our manufacturers. But anyone who believes that the Republican leaders will be impressed by this is naive. When in May of 1930 no fewer than 1,028 members of the American Economic Association, comprising the leading teachers of economics in the colleges and universities, and economic experts the country over, petitioned President Hoover to veto the pending tariff bill, they pointed out that that bill was not only extremely harmful in itself but that it would tremendously increase foreign hostility to us. Their petition was completely ignored. A large number of these economists have now petitioned the President again. In an excellent statement they point out that their clear warning of the disastrous effects of the Smoot-Hawley tariff has now been confirmed by events, that the value of our exports has shrunk from $5,240,995,000 in 1929 to $2,377,981,000 in 1931, while in the first eight months of 1932 our exports have been reduced $500,000,000 below the same period in 1931. They point to the tariff retaliations that have since been directed toward the trade of the United States, the latest and most serious of which are just now going into effect. They call the President's attention to the fact that he has the power under the Hawley-Smoot act to reduce tariff rates by 50 per cent without awaiting the action of Congress, and respectfully petition him, after three years of depression, to institute immediate reductions. And on the same day that this petition was made public, Chancellor von Papen gave clear warning that, wholly apart from reparations, Germany will be able to pay the enormous sum of $4,750,000,000 of private debts still owed abroad only if her creditors are willing to take German commodities in payment. "To expect repayment of debts while confronting us with trade barriers suggests both crass and indefensible violation of all economic logic."

CHANCELLOR VON PAPEN has shown his hand. In a speech to a group of Bavarian industrialists in the course of a visit to their city in the hope of bringing about better relations between Bavaria and Prussia and the Reich, Von Papen announced that the Weimar Constitution is to be done away with and that a new one is being drawn to supersede it. Only two features of that constitution have apparently been announced: the first, that there will be created another federal legislative body to be above the Reichstag, something like our own American Senate; the other, that the constitution is going to be so drawn that the Cabinet will in every case be above and apparently independent of the Reichstag. In other words, he wants an executive power unhampered by any democratic congress and therefore a dictatorship pure and simple. It is to be noticed that he does not say anything about calling a constitutional convention representative of the entire people when he talks of the new constitution. He merely states that one is being drawn—doubtless privately in one of his inner offices. Of course, if this goes through, the last pretense that Germany still remains a democratic state will be done away with. Today the republic as a republic is finished—at least for the time being. We are expecting any day now to hear that the present flag of the republic has been done away with by official decree in favor of that of the Kaiserreich.

ACCORDING TO PRESS REPORTS, the American delegation at Geneva is opposing the French move for the abolition, or even the control, of the private manufacture of arms. Obviously, no disarmament treaty will be effective so long as powerful munition companies, such as Vickers-Armstrong of England, the firm of Schneider-Creusot in France, the Skoda Works in Czecho-Slovakia, the Mitsui Company in Japan, the Bofors munitions factory in Sweden, and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation in the United States,

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remain free to manufacture munitions and other implements of war. It is astonishing to read that Minister Wilson opposes any effort at the control of private manufacture on the ground that, so far as the United States is concerned, it would be "unconstitutional." Such objections did not prevent the United States from entering into the 1931 convention controlling the manufacture of narcotic drugs, which is parallel to the proposed limitation on arms manufacture. All doubt as to the extent of the treaty-making power should have been removed by the Supreme Court in 1920 in the case of Missouri vs. Holland. In that case the court upheld the right of the federal government to make a treaty with Canada for the protection of migratory birds, although in the absence of a treaty, jurisdiction over such birds was a reserved power of the States. As a result of that decision it is clear that the treaty-making power of the American government may deal with any subject of international importance unless some article of the Constitution expressly forbids such action. Moreover, the general war power of Congress, we are confident, would enable that body to enact legislation placing all armament firms under control, regardless of whether or not a treaty is made upon the subject.

SO MUCH PUBLICITY and factitious satisfaction have attended the slight increase in business activity and employment since August that most of us have tended to overlook not only how very slight this increase has been but the fact that, even while these indices are rising, actual conditions are necessarily growing much worse. It is something, of course, to learn that in September, according to the United States Department of Labor, employment increased by 3.6 per cent over August. But one should not forget how desperate this still leaves the situation. For employment has risen from 55.2 per cent of the 1926 level in July to only 58.2 per cent of that level. In other words, out of every ten men employed in factories in 1926, four are still out of work. And the position of these jobless and their families is necessarily on the whole worse than in July and August, because just so much more of whatever savings they had managed to accumulate is dissipated. Total factory pay rolls, moreover, are still at only 38.1 per cent of their 1926 level. Large and small corporations are also much worse off even as activity increases. The New York *Times's* index of business activity, based on freight-car loadings, steel-mill activity, electric-power, automobile, and carded cotton-cloth production, had risen from its low point of 52.2 per cent of normal in August to only 55.3 per cent. With freight-car loadings at only 55.3 per cent of normal, scores of the country's largest railroads continue to lose money, continue to draw upon their already gravely depleted reserves. Steel production has increased from 14 per cent of capacity in August, but is still at the fantastically low rate of 20 per cent of capacity; and the cash reserves of the steel companies are also running lower every week.

MILITARY TERRORISM is being employed, apparently at the behest of the operators, to break the mine strike in Illinois. Peaceful meetings have been broken up by national guardsmen; strike sympathizers and innocent bystanders have been arrested without warrants; picketing has been unlawfully suppressed; tear-gas bombs have been used to enforce the orders of the troops. In Taylorville the city officials were ordered off the streets. To date, one man has been killed by the troops and several others wounded. Reports describing the violent and lawless methods of the guardsmen come not only from the striking miners, but from farmers, business men, and municipal officials as well. L. W. Reese, City Attorney of Taylorville, informed the Civil Liberties Committee in Chicago of numerous incidents showing that the troops are resorting to terrorism "to intimidate and break down the resistance of the miners." Reese is a major in the United States Reserve Corps and as such could hardly be accused of being prejudiced against military action. He also offered information supporting the contention of the miners and the Young Peoples' Socialist League that the troops were sent into the coal fields for the specific purpose of crushing the strike. Reese and the Socialists assert, and there is plenty of evidence to support their charge, that the "violence" which preceded the call for the militia was "carefully planned" by the coal companies to provide an excuse for military intervention.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY HAS RESCINDED the two new regulations against which we protested last week. Students will *not* be forbidden to hold outdoor meetings, and indoor meetings will *not* have to be presided over by a member of the faculty of professorial rank. No official explanation of this quick reversal has been given, but we are credibly informed that it was made in response to a storm of protests from various quarters. The students themselves made it sufficiently unpleasant for the one professor who undertook to preside, unwanted, at a meeting. An alumni protest was said to be also in the process of formation, and apparently the authorities decided that they were likely to get more "unfavorable publicity" from their repressive measures than from the meetings which they professed to fear. Undoubtedly they are right, but it does seem strange that the presumably experienced administrators of a great university should need to have demonstrated the obvious fact that more and more repression leads only to more and more violent explosions. Instead, we are witnessing another demonstration, again in New York, of the difficulty of educating college administrators. In spite of Columbia's unsuccessful attempt to suppress Reed Harris and the *Spectator,* Dean Justin H. Moore of City College has advised the editors of a college publication, the *Ticker,* that they must hereafter submit all copy to faculty censorship. We now await the inevitable explosion.

THE NATION has already picked its candidate for the Presidency in 1936. We have located him in the Situations Wanted column of the New York *Times* and we only hope he will be able to survive until the next election day rolls around.

> MAN, 38, single, white, any repairs; mason, cement, plastering, painting, tiling, carpentry, partitions, any kind roofing, handy around saddle horses; valet, second man, houseman, superintendent's helper, janitor, porter; understands steam; own tools; anything, day or night, city or country, anywhere; chauffeur's license; references. F—— H——.

Is there any doubt about this man's qualification for the job of President? Only so versatile a genius will be able to make the alterations and repairs that will then be necessary after four years of Democratic rule in Washington.

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The Republicans Try Panic

AS the campaign moves into its final weeks, the Republican strategy, formed partly by cold calculation but finally by desperation, becomes crystal clear. The Republicans feel that their sole chance of victory now lies in throwing the voters into a state of panic. Just as in 1928 the voters were told that they could not afford to imperil the roaring Coolidge prosperity by putting the Republicans out of office, so now they are told that the Hoover depression is so bad, the situation so delicate, that they cannot afford to make it worse by putting the Republicans out of office. Beginning in the fall of 1929 and continuing throughout most of 1930, Mr. Hoover constantly denied that there even was a depression, and kept predicting a revival in one or two months. He has now finally decided not only to acknowledge the depression but to make an asset out of it. With this strategy, it follows naturally that the worse he can make the depression seem, the bigger the asset.

His most brazen stroke in applying this strategy so far was his assertion at Des Moines that "at one moment" last winter or summer he was told that "unless we could put into effect a remedy we could not hold to the gold standard but two weeks longer." Mr. Hoover's faithful yes-men, including Senator Watson, Senator Reed, and Secretary Mills, have all supported this statement. In his second reply to it, Senator Glass, chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, has crushingly exposed its falsity. He shows first of all, quoting from public records, that last February, when, according to some of the Republican spokesmen, the desperate "moment" occurred, Secretary Mills was testifying as follows before the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives:

> I am here as a responsible government official supposed to give you facts, and I say to you that I am perfectly confident of our ability to meet all demands that may be made upon us. We have on hand sufficient gold resources at home to permit us to meet all such demands.

Senator Glass quotes Senator Reed of Pennsylvania as making a similar statement on the floor of the Senate on February 17, while Governor Eugene Meyer of the Federal Reserve Board offered even more emphatic testimony before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee.

All the figures, Senator Glass shows, support these former statements, and belie the present statements of both Mr. Hoover and his followers. Senator Glass shows that on February 1, the approximate date of the great gold crisis according to Senator Watson, the amount of gold held by the Federal Reserve System was $579,000,000, and not the much smaller amount mentioned by Watson, and that the withdrawals each month were not one-third of the figure mentioned in Senator Watson's telegram, while the Federal Reserve banks had a sufficient supply of gold in reserve to extend additional discount facilities of $4,000,000,000. Senator Glass's statements are all supported by Professor E. W. Kemmerer, one of our foremost currency authorities. "Unless certain facts and circumstances have been withheld from me and other economists," asserts Dr. Kemmerer, "there was no danger at any time of this country going off the gold standard as the result of the withdrawal of gold by foreign countries."

Wholly apart from these authoritative assurances, the official figures of the Federal Reserve System speak for themselves. The American gold position, according to these figures, was at its very worst on June 15 of this year. But at that time the Federal Reserve banks still reported the holding of the legal reserve of 40 per cent in gold against Federal Reserve notes, the legal reserve of 35 per cent against deposits, and, in addition, $967,000,000 in gold. Even if this enormous excess of nearly a billion dollars in gold had not existed, we should still not have been within two weeks or any like period of being forced off the gold standard. For the Federal Reserve Act provides that gold reserves may go below these 40 per cent and 35 per cent limits, provided the banks pay a progressive tax and raise their discount rates. Finally, at the time that this worst position was shown, the ability of foreign countries to draw further gold from the United States had practically come to an end.

Two other misstatements in President Hoover's Des Moines speech must be touched upon because they too are being repeated by all the other Republican orators. One is that it was the Democrats in Congress who "produced the cash-bonus bill." The other is that it was the Democrats who "passed a price-fixing bill creating what might be colloquially called the 'rubber dollar.'" It might be well to remind him that in the House fifty-six Republicans voted for the cash bonus and fifty Democrats voted against it, while in the Senate the bill was defeated by an overwhelming majority of Democrats as well as Republicans. (The exact vote was: for the bonus, seven Republicans and ten Democrats; against it, thirty-five Republicans and twenty-seven Democrats.) The Goldsborough bill, which Mr. Hoover calls the price-fixing bill, was voted for not only by 156 Democrats but by 123 Republicans; and it was thrown out in the Senate by a Democrat, Carter Glass.

What is to be thought of a public official who, for no other purpose than to secure his own reelection, is willing to circulate false and misleading statements about the Federal Reserve banks? Even if the President's statements were true, he would still stand convicted of complete irresponsibility. For though he and his lieutenants were loudly and repeatedly asserting last winter and spring that our adherence to the gold standard was beyond question, they now say that they were not then telling the truth. Confidence, as Mr. Hoover has repeatedly assured us, is absolutely essential to recovery; but Mr. Hoover is now, for political reasons, deliberately undermining confidence. To tell us that we were only two weeks away from abandoning the gold standard last winter or spring is to imply that we cannot be so far away from it even now. And for him to confess now that he was not telling the truth last winter or spring, to confess that he is willing to deceive the American people and Congress whenever necessary in order to create a false confidence, is completely to destroy the value of any future assurances he may give. This alone renders him unfit to continue in his present office.

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Scholars' Paradise

THE announcement that Dr. Albert Einstein would head a department in the new Institute for Advanced Study was sensational news. Rightly enough, the newspapers played it up in front-page headlines, and a general public which understands personalities far better than it understands learning will sense the importance of Dr. Einstein's coming as it would sense the importance of nothing else concerning the magnificent enterprise of which he is to be a part. Nevertheless, it would be a pity not to see beyond this single fact and not to realize that the new institute promises to be more important than any one man could be.

So many educational enterprises have looked well in the announcements. So many large gifts have seemed to promise so much, only to be dissipated in one way or another and to leave the world of our universities much as they found them. But when Louis Bamberger and Mrs. Felix Fuld put their five-million-dollar grant into the hands of Dr. Abraham Flexner, they intrusted it to a man who has not only an unrivaled knowledge of the educational institutions of the world, but also vigorous ideas of his own. He will use it to further a plan which has long been maturing; and what we seem destined to get is an institution absolutely *sui generis*—one not only devoted to advanced study but so liberated from all the influences which hamper the work of our other universities as to make it a veritable scholars' paradise.

Outward show, wasteful duplication, and a destructive emphasis upon mere size have been the sins of our colleges. Huge endowments meant only more and more gaudy buildings, larger and larger student bodies, and more and more repetition of the same courses in dubious subjects. The richer we became, the more probable it seemed that higher learning would be extinguished in the confusion of "vocational courses," "extra-curriculum activities," and "preparations for life," in the midst of which a few professors of real distinction struggled in vain against overloaded classes. But one needs only to read the scheme of Dr. Flexner's new institute to see how each of its provisions was made for the definite purpose of protecting it against the destructive influences which have proved so nearly fatal to all other graduate schools.

No buildings will be built until there is something for them to house, and the institute will have temporary quarters at Princeton. No departments will be organized or professors appointed except as the right men are found, and no students will be admitted except in so far as the few who seem likely to profit from an intimate association with the most distinguished workers in a given field present themselves. Professors will be paid salaries sufficiently large to relieve them from the necessity of any outside activity, and around them will be grouped assistants and scholars chosen only because they seem likely to advance one or another of the sciences. In a sense, the plan is simple: to found an institution of learning which will be that and nothing more. But simple as the plan is, it promises to produce something of which no other of America's innumerable educators seems ever to have thought.

The most eminent mathematician in the world having been found available, the department of mathematics is founded first and will probably begin its work next fall. Our own distinguished Professor Oswald Veblen will also be a professor, and Dr. Einstein will be assisted by Dr. Walter Mayer, who has worked with him in Germany. Probably the department of economics and history will be the next to be organized, but Dr. Flexner wishes again to emphasize the fact that that will depend upon whether or not suitable professors are available, and that the institute is to be formed upon a plan radically different from the plan ordinarily followed.

We do not, of course, underestimate the importance of democratic education. We do not fail to recognize the need to give to every man as much education as he can possibly use. But every student of the situation has realized that the educational system of our country lacked a real summit, and that the gradual popularization of even such a university as Johns Hopkins was making the lack more and more evident. The Institute for Advanced Study promises to supply that lack and to be unique among institutions in its determination to be exactly what it calls itself. Heretofore there has been no answer to the rebuke that America had no institution of learning quite like some of the great European universities. It looks now as though we might be able to turn the tables and to boast that no European country has one quite like Dr. Flexner's new institute. Professor Einstein is quoted as having said, "This is Heaven." For scholars it promises to be hardly less.

Slatin Pasha

FATE early marked Rudolf Slatin Pasha for her own, and thereafter toyed, now magnificently, now brutally, with him. At seventeen it set him to exploring the Sudan, which fascinated him and continued for years to dominate, most tragically, his life. At twenty-one, a first lieutenant in a crack Austrian regiment fighting for his fatherland on the Bosnian front, he received an invitation from General Gordon, the famous "Chinese" Gordon, to take service under him in the Sudan. There, incredible as it seems, he became, at twenty-two, governor-general of the huge province of Darfur. When he died in Italy a few days ago, there snapped almost the last human tie with the Sudan of both Gordon and Kitchener. Certainly no other living figure was so directly or so prominently connected with the tragedies of 1883 and 1885, which stirred the whole world. There were other eyewitnesses of the terrors of the rule of the Mahdi and the Khalifa who also lived to escape, Charles Neufeldt and Father Joseph Ohrwalder among them. They too, like Slatin, for years wore chains on their legs and iron collars bearing chains connected with their ankles. They all suffered in Omdurman hunger, want, horrible cruelty.

But it was reserved for Slatin Pasha to endure the greatest torture of all as he lay chained one day in his tent in Omdurman. It was on January 26, 1885, when he had already been a prisoner for more than a year after his surrender of Darfur because of the complete disloyalty of his troops. In agony he heard the shots of the final attack upon Khartum. Suddenly a triumphant mob appeared before his tent. As Richard Bermann in his brilliant new book, "The Mahdi of Allah," has told the story:

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Somebody shouted exultantly; somebody was weeping aloud; somebody jeered. Slatin no longer distinguished anything; his heart stood still. The Negro, Shatta, removed the cloth [from a bundle he was carrying] and a bloody head appeared, with snow-white hair and side whiskers—Gordon's head. The blue eyes were open, the mouth was smiling peacefully.

"Is that the head of your uncle, the unbeliever?" asked the Negro Shatta.

Slatin answered at once: "He was a brave soldier and he is happy now that he has fallen." . . .

The savagery of Africa was let loose, robbery and murder and the whip ran riot in Khartum, and the ghastly tumult of animal-like cries sounded across the peacefully flowing Nile.

But not for one moment did Slatin the prisoner dare to show his grief. Only the fact that he had espoused the Mohammedan religion had thus far saved his life. The merest display of emotion at the death of the unbeliever Gordon might have sealed his fate.

Thereafter, for ten and one-half long years more, Slatin was the prisoner of the Mahdi, and after the Mahdi's death the slave of the Khalifa, the Mahdi's successor. Outside of his door, as a slave, and as a symbol of the Khalifa's power, Slatin sat day after day in the heat and the rain for six long years, always wearing his chains. Then he rose in the Khalifa's favor until he had a house of his own and slaves, while the Khalifa sent him wife after wife, and was much disturbed because Slatin immediately gave them away to others. But never a day was his life out of danger. The merest whim of the tyrant, who thought nothing of butchering hundreds in a day, would have ended his existence. But youth, unbounded courage, and never-failing hope sustained him until a trusty messenger reached him after several vain efforts had been made to free him, and brought the news that rescuers were near at hand. On February 20, 1895, he left Omdurman by night, riding a fleet camel not less than 130 miles in twenty-one hours, stopping but once during the entire period. Not until twenty-four days had passed did he reach safety at the outpost of Assuam, where he was received with jubilation and honors.

To two men he owed his rescue, the Austrian charge d'affaires and Major Wingate Bey, who were unceasing in their efforts to make life bearable while he was in captivity and to save him for future usefulness. Wingate Bey, now Sir Reginald Wingate, succeeded Kitchener as Sirdar of the Egyptian army, serving as such from 1899 to 1916, and as High Commissioner of Egypt from 1917 to 1919. It was given to him to reconquer Slatin's Darfur in 1916, thirty-one years after Slatin had been compelled to strike his flag, and to command in the battle near Gedid when the Khalifa fell. Now a full general on the retired list, he, with Slatin, has been able to look back upon those years of danger and ceaseless activity which brought peace and order to the Sudan and to Upper Egypt. They made history together.

For the rest of his life fate made up to Slatin for the horror of those dozen years of dire suffering. Franz Josef created him a baron in 1906. He rose to be a lieutenant general in the Egyptian army, and during the World War was head of the Austrian Red Cross. Decorations and honors were showered upon him. Wherever he went he was a marked man; had not romance and tragedy made him theirs?

Lay-offs and Profits

WE have come to accept fatalistically and to view tolerantly the wholesale laying off of workers in great industrial plants. After all, if goods cannot be marketed, men cannot be employed. We wait for the clouds to lift and meanwhile we hold up the inadequate umbrella of public charity over the miserable heads of the victims. It is not a pleasant sight, however, when large and still prosperous employers of labor attempt to crawl under the same umbrella, utilizing the depression and the public relief funds as a cover for their own bad industrial morals. Case after case has arisen in which great companies have laid off men by the hundreds of thousands, even while the profits were still coming in; with the result that the public is asked to pay for the support of these workers and their families.

A most flagrant instance of this sort of behavior is the recent action of the Brooklyn Edison Company, an important member of the group of affiliates held by the Consolidated Gas Company of New York, which within three recent weeks turned off nearly 3,000 employees. Such an act could only have been justified by dire financial straits and a consequent need for retrenchment, and even then it should have been fully explained to the men and women involved and to the public which must face, at the beginning of an ominous winter, this additional burden of relief. What actually happened? According to a letter of protest addressed to Governor Roosevelt by the Brotherhood of Edison Employees, the workers were laid off without any warning or explanation, while the published statements of the company show dividend payments and a gross revenue for 1931 higher than any previously recorded. Nor can the officials claim a lack of work waiting to be done. The company has promised to complete the job of changing from overhead to underground wiring, an improvement long delayed and long demanded by the people of Brooklyn. "The recent discharge of nearly 3,000 men," says the employees' letter, "means that the borough will continue to be menaced by the dangerous overhead system for an indefinite period." The company, meanwhile, has refused to give out any statement on the men's charges, although *The Nation* applied to its publicity department for an explanation.

It would be hard, we suspect, for even a utilities press agent to reconcile the incongruities of this particular performance. It would be necessary not only to think of plausible reasons for laying off thousands of men, but also to explain away a whole series of remarks made by Edison officials in regard to this very matter. Last April, for instance, John C. Parker, president of the company, announced that "the executives of the electric companies were determined to maintain wages and employment and would spare no effort to do so." On July 13 Mr. Parker assured a delegation of the Public Committee on Power Utilities and Labor that no large-scale lay-off was intended. To insist so righteously upon their sense of social responsibility and then to act ruthlessly and irresponsibly is to make a bad matter fairly odious. Nor does it lessen our sense of outrage to learn that the above-quoted Mr. John C. Parker has just been appointed executive chairman of the Brooklyn division of the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee of New York.

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One Elephant That Did Forget

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THE POT AND THE KETTLE

Roosevelt and Hoover Militarists Both

FOR the man or woman who believes that peace is the supreme necessity for the world in this crisis of its history, who believes that another war will end our modern civilization, who realizes that great armaments do not make for peace but lead only to conflict, there can be no choice in this election except to vote for Norman Thomas. Between the other two candidates there is no difference whatever. Both learned nothing from the World War; both are wedded to the old order; both fail to realize what Viscount Cecil pointed out in the New York *Herald Tribune* of October 9—that force is bankrupt, and that it can accomplish nothing in the way of restoring the world to the paths of sanity and peace. Mr. Hoover, a sham Quaker, believes in going on peace missions to other countries on battleships. He is for what he terms an adequate armament for defense, although he well knows that the French, with a fine army, one in some respects better-equipped than the German army (according to General Buat, former Chief of Staff), were not able to safeguard their country alone, although the entire nation was in arms; nor could the Germans prevent their country from going down to defeat. He is for a large navy—this professing Quaker. It is a miracle that under him we have not yet yielded to the demand of the big-navy people that we build our American fleet up to the limits permitted by the so-called Disarmament Treaty of London. He wishes himself thought of as a great humanitarian, as the rescuer of the Belgians, and as the man who fed the starving Russian and German children. But he is still willing to expose his people and the rest of the world to the supreme disaster of another war. He has not even been able to put through any measure of real naval disarmament, and of course he has not the courage, nor the vision, nor the spirituality, nor the religion, nor the ideality to counsel his fellow-countrymen to disarm without waiting for the disarming of others. He does not wish us to return to the historic American policy which marked the first century of our national life—of being without an army or a navy, and without fear.

I cannot for the life of me see that there is the slightest difference between his point of view and that of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt has been a naval enthusiast from childhood up. His collection of prints of naval battles and historic warships is, or was, one of the best extant. He was as happy as his distinguished fifth cousin, Theodore Roosevelt, when he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He was liked by the naval officers because he talked their language, believed with them, sympathized with their demands, besides being a good executive and a charming person. In this campaign he has declined to be drawn out by any questioning as to how he will stand on matters connected with the peace of the world, such as disarmament and the recognition of Russia. In his speech at Los Angeles, however, he did touch upon the navy, to recall that when Assistant Secretary of the Navy he was instrumental in having the Pacific fleet visit Southern California, so "that the national government recognized from the naval point of view the existence of Southern California." The Governor then went on to say the following words:

> And I don't need to tell you as a former Assistant Secretary of the Navy that I thoroughly understood the great value of an adequate navy toward commerce, not only in times of war, but in times of peace.

In the days leading up to the war, and at the beginning of the war, Franklin Roosevelt was among the earliest to call for a fleet second only to that of England, addressing Bible classes, patriotic societies, and the National Civic Federation in behalf of his program. In Washington, before the House and Senate Committees on Naval Affairs, he demanded that the government adopt "a great building program" and declared that "not one dollar, not one ship, not one man" could be deducted from the building program he urged. He was ready for a competition of armaments with Germany or England, certain that he could outdo them. When in October, 1916, during the Presidential campaign, Charles Evans Hughes suggested that the navy should pay less attention to its building program and more to its target practice, Mr. Roosevelt heatedly replied that Mr. Hughes had "insulted" every officer and man in the navy. Of course he uses the familiar language of the militarist: "We should all work against war, but if it should come we should be better prepared than we were before. . . . I am not militaristic by any means." And then he contradicted himself by saying, "I do not believe in a large standing army, as you know, nor in a large navy," just after having said that he wanted us to be *better* prepared for the next war than we had been for the last.

Again, we must not forget that Mr. Roosevelt favored our intervention in Mexico and believed that we should tell Mexico where it "got off." He connived in and welcomed the pulling down of the Haitian Republic. He has twice denied to *The Nation* that he made the remark attributed to him in the press when on a speaking tour in the State of Washington—that he had written the Haitian constitution and forced it down the throats of the Haitians. But he does not deny that he was entirely satisfied with what was done in Haiti and particularly with the act of Smedley Butler in dispersing the Haitian legislature with a pistol in his hand and a battalion of marines at his back. If he gets in, and the opportunity arises, he will not only be for a bigger navy than we have had, in my judgment, but he will be thoroughly imperialistic if there is any trouble in the Caribbean.

I repeat, the one candidate who has a thoroughly practical and a truly humanitarian attitude toward war and the weapons of war is Norman Thomas. We know where he would stand if some day he should be elected President, because during the last war he let everyone know his conscientious objection to war in its every form—at no small cost to himself.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

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The Flight of the German Spirit

By EMIL LUDWIG

WHEN Wilhelm II came to the throne, German art began to secede from the state. Within a few years the private theaters and the secessionist painting exhibits and concerts had drawn to themselves the creative spirit of the country. The royal theaters, the art exhibits in the Glaspalast, and the song festivals held under princely auspices grew less and less distinguished. It was not only youth that took part in this general secession. The leading dramatists, musicians, and painters were also to be found in the movement, even in their old age. Artists whose names were known to all the world, whose works were bought in foreign countries, were in this society. Official Germany gathered about itself poets and musicians who were unknown beyond the borders of the country and who today have been all but forgotten even at home. Wagner was accepted in official circles at the moment when the younger artists of Germany began to turn from him.

With the revolution there appeared to be a change for the better. The royal theaters, which everywhere were taken over by the new government, gave prominence to revolutionary youth, and produced dramas and operas formerly proscribed. Even the famous government newspapers followed the new mode for a brief period. The greatest living German painter, Liebermann, was made president of the former royal Academy of Art. Under the old regime the modernist professors fared especially poorly in that they were removed or repressed whenever they dared to teach modern theories. With the revolution, however, important professorships were filled with young talent, and the Minister of Education, hitherto always an imperceptibly great person who never failed to recognize an important cultural event too late, was first a Socialist teacher and later a democratic professor. The always cheaply ornate, red-and-gold halls of the ministries were for the first time opened to men of genuine intellect. When I saw a half-dozen truly distinguished men in these ministries—this was in the year 1921—I thought that at last the eternal division between intellect and state, to which the tragedy of Germany was due, had been ended.

Today all this sounds like a hoary old legend. A man like Werner Sombart, foremost authority on capitalism, who thirty years ago when we were students together found his own advancement entirely blocked because he seemed to show a partiality for socialism, is now compelled to transfer his activities from a university to a college of commerce, which is comparable to a royal prince divorcing his equally royal wife in order to enter into a mesalliance. The war united all; but the peace came too unexpectedly to enable even the wisest to come to their true senses. If the causes of the war can be traced to the conduct of the three empires, then certainly the origin of the present German reaction can be laid to the actions of the Western Powers. An opportunity that will probably never return was lost through the shortsightedness of the peacemakers of Paris; the soul of the German people would have been like wax in the hands of really great men. At that time it would have been possible to encourage the creative instincts of this diligent people, to weaken their former adoration of authority and their innate and disciplined will to obedience, and to make possible the rise of a new Germany related to that of Goethe or Humboldt, but pressed into a twentieth-century form by the mighty industry of the people and their never-ceasing impulse to intense activity. A great part of the German people saw that they had been poorly led and so turned away from the Junkers and generals. They believed in the good sense of the peoples of the earth, and were ready to harness their creative spirit to the day-by-day work of peaceful world competition.

This epoch ended with the occupation of the Ruhr. Then began the great campaign against everything to which the people had turned in the five years after the revolution. Men who in the direst national distress had helped to erect the republic were called criminals. The lie was spread that they had driven out the princes, although the latter had decamped entirely voluntarily. It was untruthfully asserted that they had stabbed the army in the back, though the army after four terrible years had naturally been overwhelmed by a vastly superior force. When we tried to prove that the war had been conceived in Vienna and St. Petersburg and had been made possible with the help of Berlin, we were denounced as traitors. That we indicted the Allied makers of the peace with the same passion with which we blamed the war-makers no longer satisfied anyone. The German people learned in the schools, at the universities, in their public assemblies, in the newspapers, that they had neither started nor lost the war. Must they then not look upon the peacemakers as cruel deceivers? Fed upon this double lie, were they not forced to believe that the German Michael with all his trustfulness had been betrayed?

Out of these lies, which were taught in the schools and colleges, which spoke from the pictures and emblems hanging on the walls of the citizen's home, the present spiritual state of the country inevitably developed, until the period of a false economic post-war revival came to an end and one of utter misery began. Ten years after the revolution a crisis rendered a sixth part of a large nation unemployed. When all these people had read daily for years that they, their fathers, and their former leaders were guiltless, that they were only the pitiful victims of a great deception, how then were they to understand the intricacies and interrelationships of world economics? They understood only one thing: that the others were arming themselves in order to destroy them, but they were not allowed to arm because they were considered a nation of an inferior grade.

It is a mistake for foreigners to believe that the present government is better than a National Socialist government would have been. The opposite is the case. This National Socialist movement has no real leaders, but its roots lie deep in the nation. It is possible that the socialistic or more modern sections of its program would in time have taken precedence of the medieval sections or that one group would have seceded from the other. In the present government of barons and generals—the same men who were responsible for the events of July, 1914—lies a much graver danger, for these

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men during 200 years have learned to govern. They know how; they understand how to procure authority for themselves, how to maneuver. Hitler is a better orator than any they have, but he has shown that he does not know how to do business. The barons and generals, who always speak in the sharp, snappy manner heard in the Herrenklub, and therefore never to the people, are able to mold events. They move slowly forward, step by step, undisturbed by popular movements, by the wishes or pleas of the people, and now have been lucky enough to capture control of a popular movement, of which they must have control in order to reach their goal. From Bismarck, lacking his genius, they have learned only ruthlessness, which they call realistic politics.

In this atmosphere a new secession of the true German spirit and soul is now beginning. All the German names which the world knows have stood on the side of the republic. Today, with the republic transformed into a Prussian kingdom without a king, these spiritual leaders are again seceding. Three or four of the best-known of them have left Germany, persecuted as republicans or Jews. Others remain behind to fight the good fight, only to have the newspapers heap abuse upon their heads. I mention no names; the whole world knows who they are. These champions of the republic are being driven out of the state theaters, the radio, the public institutes of hygiene and welfare, and, especially, out of the world of higher culture, or are being gravely compromised.

The tone of the speeches and manifestos that Rathenau and Stresemann addressed to the world, which had about them something of the pathos of Lessing or Schiller, has been exchanged for the old, aggressive barracks language to which the man in the street has for centuries been accustomed; every evening the radio burdens the ether waves with military marches; and in the midst of this new medievalism the true German spirit once more withdraws into its caverns, secedes as it did under Wilhelm II. He who does not belong to the "awakened Germany," because he has not been asleep during these last ten years, has lost his influence, but he is also absolved from any responsibility for the fate that is being prepared. That part of the German people which sees its foundations and its honor only in the relative power of physical resistance of the nation calls itself with justice the "awakening Germany." For fourteen years these people closed their eyes to the new era, and in opening them now can only seek to tie themselves to the old Germany.

This section of German youth has thus revived the ideals of 1914, and thinks itself fortunate to be led once more by barons, counts, and especially ministers in uniform, men who seem almost to take the place of princes. The return of the royal rulers themselves is not to be thought of at the moment. Like Hitler they are wanting in the face of responsibility, because they also lack the imagination of the born leader who knows by intuition the precise moment to act.

With all of these the German spirit no longer has anything to do. It must not be believed that the imperialistic German professors express this spirit. Of the fifty-one professors who in June announced their support of Hitler there were forty-eight whose names I had never heard before. What the world will learn of the true German spirit in the next several years will come from those outside the state now being rebuilt, who constitute a secession as important as that under Wilhelm II.

Buying California for Hoover

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, October 15

IF campaign financing were reported in terms of reality, the next report of the Republican National Treasurer might well contain the following item: "From the taxpayers of the United States, by the grace of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, loans totaling $102,000,000, to enable Hoover to carry California." It is easy to place that interpretation on the loan of $40,000,000 extended by the R. F. C. to finance the construction of an aqueduct in the Los Angeles district, and it is difficult to place any other upon its subsequent advance of $62,000,000 to finance the erection of a bridge across San Francisco Bay. These two projects may be entirely meritorious, but circumstances indicate that the Administration was actuated by other considerations in granting the loans, especially the second one. If the purpose was to create jobs, why were the loans delayed until the eve of winter, and, incidentally, until the eve of the election? If the purpose was to avert suffering, why was such an enormous proportion of the corporation's resources allotted to the one State whose inhabitants suffer less from winter than almost any in the Union? Perhaps the answers may be found in the public statements of Republican politicians and editors who were at the scene. William H. Crocker, former Republican National Committeeman for California and head of the Crocker National Bank in San Francisco, is quoted as follows:

> Nobody but Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mills could have put that over. We wouldn't get any such consideration if anyone else was in the White House. Mr. Hoover has done this for us.

Additional light is shed by the San Francisco *Chronicle*, a Republican newspaper, in a news story which makes this interesting disclosure:

> Secretary of the Treasury Ogden Mills, in San Francisco in the interest of President Hoover, added his weight to the funds application by personal messages to Washington this week. Commendation of the interest shown in the bridge project by President Hoover and members of his Administration, including Secretary Mills, who during his stay here last week urged quick action on the allocation of funds, was heard throughout the bay region.

I have read clearer prose than the foregoing, but the meaning seems plain enough. If I know anything about reporters, this one was trying in a polite way to say that when Mills turned up in San Francisco to make speeches for Hoover and Curtis, the local Republican bosses got him into a room and told him Hoover certainly would lose California unless Washington came through with that loan, whereupon the

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patriotic Secretary called up Washington and "turned on the heat." Nice work, Ogden—unless the rest of the country happens to hear about it!

* * * * *

THIS business of "turning the tide" every time Mr. Hoover makes a speech is becoming very funny. No sooner had he delivered his address of acceptance than party publicists discovered that he had "turned the tide," and that the "drift" would be increasingly toward the Republican ticket. Then came the Maine disaster. Presently, however, he went to Des Moines, and again it was disclosed that the tide had "turned." The *Literary Digest* and other polls continue to show enormous majorities for Roosevelt, but I venture that it will be found, after Mr. Hoover's appearance in Ohio, that the tide has "turned" once more. It doesn't seem to stay turned. The evidence indicates that Hoover's Des Moines speech was effective in one important direction: it effectively depressed the price of the dollar and American securities abroad and thus antagonized a large section of the financial interests which had been supporting Hoover. Wall Street is not alone in believing that the gold standard was never in peril, but that if it was, the less said about it the better. The known facts about the gold reserve and the emphatic testimony of Senators Glass and Hull are almost conclusive that the danger never existed and that the President is guilty of having made an alarmist statement with the sole object of furthering his own campaign. The country should be prepared for more tactics of this character. As election day draws nearer, and the shadow of defeat looms larger, I think the American public will be amazed at the extremes to which Herbert Hoover and his little band of adventurers will resort in their desperate efforts to retain control of the federal government. This campaign has elements of obsession and delusion seldom encountered, and the consequences may be grave.

* * * * *

THUS far Roosevelt has disclosed few of the qualities of superman. Yet as the ghastly story of the Insull mess unfolds, Democrats may well get on their knees and thank God that they didn't nominate Owen D. Young. The Insull story is the biggest news in the country—more important, in fact, than that of the Presidential campaign. Suppose Young had been nominated and suppose that, right in the middle of the campaign his name had been revealed as one of those comprising the "preferred list" of persons who were cut in on the various "good things" promoted by the Insulls! Hoover would have been reelected without a struggle. Readers of this page are aware that this writer never succumbed to the Young myth. Hymns to his supposedly messianic traits always rang hollow to ears that had listened to the testimony in the Senate investigation of the radio trust. Persons familiar with that record were not surprised when the Great Nonesuch was identified as a pet and beneficiary of the man who is now a fugitive from justice. Incidentally, that subject suggests another. Some Democrats are complaining that the National Broadcasting Company is giving Hoover the "breaks" on the air. It therefore seems pertinent to ask what has become of the government's anti-trust suit against the radio trust, which has been pending for many months but which for some reason has not come to trial. Is it possible that the suit is being held as a club until the campaign is over? Roosevelt should be reminded of this when, as President, he undertakes the task of revamping the Federal Radio Commission and choosing a new Attorney-General. Or will he, too, fall under the Young spell?

* * * * *

THOSE who agree that nothing is more precious or refreshing than a good joke at the expense of priggishness will delight in an incident of the American Bar Association convention. President Guy A. Thompson made an opening address in which he denounced Congress, condemned the government for competing with private business, and criticized laymen for not joining with lawyers to remedy the evils of government. It is not necessary for me to dwell on the obvious fact that lawyers are responsible for most of the evils of government, or to emphasize that denunciation of Congress is nearly always accepted, by those who know the facts, as a sign of mental indolence. It chanced that another speaker on the program was the brilliant Joseph B. Eastman, member of the Interstate Commerce Commission—but a layman. With a manner that was all humility he took up the subject of holding companies, and spoke in part as follows:

> Under certain conditions, and properly limited and safeguarded, there may be a legitimate place for such corporations. But when instead of a reasonably simple corporate structure one finds a tangled maze of pyramided and interlacing companies, many of them strictly of the holding or dummy type, it requires no great amount of intelligence to know that some process of evasion or concealment of perversion is under way. Furthermore, the creator or architect of every such corporate labyrinth is bound to be some clever legal shark. . . . I suggest that disease is attacking the business, banking, and financial practices of this country, and is an important factor in our present troubles. . . . I suggest that the legal fraternity is largely responsible for these unhealthy and even poisonous conditions. I suggest that the essentials of sound practice with respect to the organization of corporations, the limitation of their powers, and the restrictions to be imposed upon them, have been thoroughly considered in the past, both in this country and in England, so that material for a discussion of this forgotten subject is readily available. I suggest finally that the American Bar Association furnishes a most appropriate forum for such discussion.

Looking down upon the horror-stricken faces of the public utility lawyers who composed a large part of his audience, and suppressing even the semblance of a twinkle in either eye, the sardonic commissioner concluded with the humble observation that he knew the audience would pardon anything he had said, "as coming from a layman."

* * * * *

I CANNOT refrain from one parting comment on Calvin Coolidge's speech in Madison Square Garden. In a slurring allusion intended for Governor Roosevelt, little Calvin said that President Hoover "was never carried into political office by way of family influence." Well, neither was Calvin Coolidge. He was carried into the Vice-Presidency because a weary and perspiring national convention stampeded in the mistaken belief that Coolidge had quelled the Boston police strike, and he was carried into the Presidency by the death of President Harding. Roosevelt probably will be carried there because the country is wet, broke, and disgusted.

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Judge Manton and the I. R. T. Scandal

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

ON August 26 Federal Judge Martin T. Manton signed an order placing the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, one of the New York City subway companies, in the hands of receivers. To this receivership arrangement the subway company readily consented. On October 13 another federal judge, John M. Woolsey, declared the order null and void, and though expressing himself in carefully correct judicial language, denounced Manton as a "usurping or intruding judge." Behind these two decisions lies the latest of New York City's major scandals, a scandal that is doubly serious because it puts a United States judge in a bad light. While Judge Woolsey's decision, which was brought about through the timely intervention of two minority security-holders, probably has prevented the consummation of this scandalous receivership arrangement, it failed to answer a number of pertinent questions. What, for example, prompted Judge Manton to go outside the law in setting up the receivership? Why was a man known to have speculated in subway securities appointed counsel for the receivers? Why has the municipal government remained silent in the matter, refusing to take any action whatever, when the receivership affects municipal interests running into hundreds of millions of dollars?

Last July the eight federal judges sitting regularly in the Southern District of New York adopted two rules governing the distribution of work among them. Rule I-a provided that "any judge designated to sit" in this district "shall do such work only as may be assigned to him by the senior district judge." Rule II-a declared that applications for the appointment of receivers in equity cases "shall be made to the judge assigned to hold the bankruptcy and motion part of the business of the court *and to no other judge.*" These rules were adopted with a view to preventing any repetition of the incident which arose in the Fox Theaters receivership case, in which the same Martin T. Manton, though not a district judge, assigned himself to receive the application for a receivership.

Utterly disregarding these rules, Judge Manton, who is on the circuit bench, on August 25 designated himself a district judge "particularly to hear and determine all applications and proceedings in the matter entitled American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company vs. Interborough Rapid Transit Company." This he declared to be "in the public interest." On the same day he issued another order declaring that he did not agree with the division of work the regular district judges had agreed upon, and that in view of this disagreement he was designating himself, in addition to the judge regularly assigned for the purpose, to hear receivership cases. It may also be noted that there was no such cause as that entitled American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company vs. Interborough Rapid Transit Company to be found anywhere in the court records on August 25. This cause did not appear on the records until the following day, August 26, when the application for a receivership for the subway company was filed before Judge Manton. How Manton was able to determine that it was in the public interest for him to hear a cause that had not yet been brought into the courts has not been disclosed.

On August 26 all the interested parties appeared before Judge Manton with their papers entirely prepared. These papers included elaborate petitions and orders for the appointment of a receiver and the retention of counsel. Manton perceived nothing collusive in this obvious prearrangement, and he proceeded to the business of approving the order for a receivership. Victor J. Dowling, former presiding justice of the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court, and Thomas E. Murray, Jr., were appointed receivers, while Thomas L. Chadbourne, of the firm of Chadbourne, Stanchfield, and Levy, was named counsel for the receivers. It seems clear that Dowling and Murray were to be used simply as figureheads—Dowling was at that time in Europe and certainly in no position to rush to the aid of a bankrupt company—and that the real power of receivership was to be exercised by the counsel.

Under normal circumstances it is extremely important that the receivers of a corporation and their attorneys be disinterested parties. The Supreme Court of the United States has emphasized that "the receiver is an officer of the court and should be as free from 'friendliness' to a party as the court itself." Receivers must make the necessary adjustments between the various groups of security-holders, and unless they are entirely disinterested there remains always the temptation to favor one class of securities against another. This would have been especially true in the case of the I. R. T. because of the many different kinds and classes of securities outstanding against this company and against the Manhattan Railway Company, from which the Interborough leases the elevated lines of the city and which went into receivership at the same time. Moreover, the city is at present interested in unifying the various rapid-transit lines within its corporate limits and may purchase their securities in the near future. In case of a receivership, the word of the receivers as to a fair price to be paid for the different classes of securities would unquestionably have great weight, indeed, be almost conclusive. This should have been a warning to any judge to be exceedingly cautious in selecting receivers for the Interborough. However, Judge Manton was at no pains to safeguard the interests of either the security-holders or the municipality. He approved the appointment as counsel for the receivers of a man who not only is an intimate friend of Gerhard M. Dahl, chairman of the board of both the Interborough and the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit companies, but who has acted as counsel for the B. M. T., and who by his own confession has speculated in the securities of these traction companies. Mr. Chadbourne, moreover, not long ago participated as one of the attorneys for the B. M. T. in a unification conference with the Transit Commission, at which efforts were made to agree upon a valuation of the B. M. T. property. On October 10 Chadbourne's firm resigned as counsel for the receivers, Chadbourne explaining that this action was taken as a result of public criticism. Judge Manton promptly named to suc-

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ceed Chadbourne the firm of Hornblower, Miller, Miller, and Boston, a member of which firm, former Governor Nathan L. Miller, has in the past acted as counsel for the B. M. T.

Judge Manton's manner of handling this case—Felix Frankfurter has denounced it as an "abusive exercise of judicial authority"—is extremely interesting, but only less so is the silence maintained by the Board of Estimate of the city in the face of the peril to the municipality's interests implied in Manton's action. The I. R. T. subway lines, valued at more than $300,000,000, are owned by the city and merely operated by the I. R. T. as lessee. The board should have been forewarned by Manton's record in the five-cent-fare case, in which Manton decided not only the main issue against the city, but also every minor question, only to have every point he made overruled by the Supreme Court. The appointment of Chadbourne should likewise have placed the Board of Estimate on its guard, for Chadbourne and Dahl, by their excessive demands, have been instrumental in blocking every effort the city has made to bring the transportation lines under one system. The I. R. T. also owes the city more than $1,000,000 in taxes, and should be paying the city a minimum of $2,600,000 in annual rental. Finally, it has been estimated that the cost of the receivership would have run well over $1,500,000, which would have been deducted from revenues as operating expenses and thereby, under the terms of the Interborough's lease from the city, reduced the municipality's income by that amount.

However complacently the city government may look upon the I. R. T. receivership, the leaders of the New York bar have no intention of letting the case go by default. No controversy in recent years, if we except the Tammany scandals, has so aroused them as this usurpation of authority on the part of Judge Manton. There is every likelihood that an appeal will be taken from Judge Woolsey's decision. If his ruling is reversed, the case will undoubtedly be taken to the Supreme Court. Its progress will be watched with great interest, for, to quote Professor Frankfurter again, "the conduct of the federal judges sitting in the city of New York is a matter of moment to all who care about the maintenance of unimpaired confidence in the integrity and high traditions of the federal judiciary."

Insurgents in Connecticut

By G. C. EDGAR

Hartford, October 13

TRYING to read Connecticut's political trend is like trying to penetrate the mask of a good poker player. Too many abnormal factors disturb the situation to make it easy; many of them tend to make it well-nigh impossible. This much, however, is fairly certain: if Herbert Hoover carries Connecticut, it will be by a relatively narrow margin; if John H. Trumbull, Republican, is elected Governor, defeating Wilbur L. Cross, Democrat, it will only be because the soured voters who cast ballots for Cross in 1930, allowing him to defeat the colorless and somewhat smug Ernest E. Rogers, have concluded that it didn't get them anywhere. Hiram Bingham's chance for reelection to the Senate undoubtedly hinges on his wet record. Without his beer ballyhoo he would certainly lose this year. Throughout the entire political skein runs a hybrid thread—the extraordinary Independent Republican Party, half prohibition zealots and half bitter enemies of the one-man party rule of J. Henry Roraback, chairman of the Republican State Committee and vice-chairman of the National Committee. No one can possibly guess how strong this party's showing will be, although it will be better than many realize, for it already has lined up most of the temperance organizations solidly behind it.

The truth is that the State has gone slightly balmy, politically. The oldest inhabitants cannot recall any other occasion presenting so many strange bedfellows and divided parties. One reason is the rage for college professors on political tickets. Of this it might be said that though the supply is almost unlimited, the demand has been, on the whole, rather hard on dear old Yale. Wilbur Cross is a former Yale dean and at present editor of the *Yale Review*. Bingham is an ex-professor at Yale, while Charles M. Bakewell, running on the same ticket for Congressman at large, also teaches at Yale. The Independent Republicans have Albert Levitt, the father of that organization and the most colorful man in Connecticut politics, as a candidate for Governor. He was formerly professor of law at St. Lawrence University. With him on the same ticket is Professor Milton Conover, also of Yale, running for Senator.

Behind the divisions in the parties are two important stories. The Republicans invited trouble when they sneered at Albert Levitt at least six years ago. Obsessed with the idea that the Roraback dictatorship had enabled the leader to ease the path of his power companies through legislation, rates, and so on, Levitt set about proving it. The Republicans ignored the upstart yapping at their heels until he had managed to sink his teeth into their most cherished possession, the Public Utilities Commission. How Levitt kept after the commission until he won a moral, if not a legal, victory is another story. He succeeded in showing the close connection between the Republican Party and the commission.

Levitt, when this fight began, was a Republican. He remained a Republican when he commenced to bore from within the party to break the iron grip of Roraback. Through a series of disheartening defeats he pressed on, joining with the Progressive Republican State Committee, which sought to wrest control from the organization in the country towns and small cities. The Republican League of Connecticut was a later development. Levitt and his associates—all too few of them—worked valiantly. They entered the Republican State convention in 1930 with two known votes among hundreds of delegates. When the roll was called, they had collected two more. Four was as far as they ever got. Eventually Levitt abandoned this attempt. He determined to form his own independent offshoot of the party. The Independent Republican ticket is the result.

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Levitt had been, and still is, an uncompromising prohibitionist. He naturally turned to the drys when he broke his Republican affiliation. Both Democrats and Republicans were wringing wet, and consequently the prohibitionists hailed Levitt as a long-lost brother—after carefully investigating rumors that he was a "radical." Convinced of his sincerity and conservatism, they have joined with him. In so doing they have split the Republican Party, providing a haven for militant drys once of Republican faith.

Among the Democrats the situation is nearly as odd. Governor Cross, once believed by the seasoned politicians to be a mild, gentle soul, has turned out to have a mind of his own. He has handled "Old Guards" (Smith supporters) and "New Guards" (Roosevelt supporters) firmly and authoritatively. At the recent State convention he warned the party that he intended to have his way in the selection of the ticket or he would pack his toothbrush and go home. He absolutely refused to enter the fall campaign if Daniel J. Leary, a Waterbury Old Guard member, got on the ticket. Kenneth Wynne, Cross's secretary, talked so bluntly in open convention to the Waterbury crowd that he was nearly booed off the platform. But Cross's selections prevailed, and the Waterbury delegates went home bitter and disillusioned. Waterbury, the strongest Democratic city in the State and predominantly Catholic, will not soon forget the snub, particularly since it still smarts over the Smith defeat in 1928.

The internal dissensions that tend to weaken both major parties, however, are relatively unimportant when compared with the economic situation. Connecticut, despite anything the optimists may say, has been hard hit by the depression. Unlike the situation in the Western States, the signs of despair have been more noticeable in the cities than in the farming districts. Factory workers who have had little or no work for months are so numerous on the street corners of the larger cities that the scene reminds one of a holiday, albeit a pathetic one. In the manufacturing towns—Waterbury, New Haven, Bridgeport, and particularly New Britain —poverty and pauperism are plainly visible.

To assume that these thousands of unemployed workers are going to forgive and forget the events of the last three years when they go to the polls in November is plain nonsense. Many are bound to register "protest" votes. A lot of them are going to vote for Norman Thomas and the Socialist ticket. Thomas not only has the respect and interest of the voters, but he has impressed many of them with the fact that he is the only Presidential candidate talking horse sense and refusing to hedge on his real views.

But the best reason for predicting that the Socialist ticket will run far ahead of its 1928 record in the State, despite Connecticut's conservative history, is the Bridgeport city election of November, 1931. Three men there sought election as Mayor—Mason, Republican; Buckingham, Democrat; and Jasper McLevy, Socialist. The result was startling. Buckingham polled 17,889 votes and was elected. McLevy received 15,084 and ran second. The Republican did not have a look-in. McLevy is the Socialist candidate for Governor this fall. If, in the coming election, he polls half the unprecedented vote he received in Bridgeport he will get more than twice as many votes as the Socialist ticket got in the entire State in 1928. While the result in one city a year ago is not altogether safe ground for inferences, it does indicate, when combined with other facts, that Norman Thomas and the State Socialist ticket may well receive ten times the 1928 vote. At least, 20,000 is a very conservative guess of what they should poll; 40,000 is not beyond the realm of possibility. The ticket is strengthened by McLevy, while the candidacy of Devere Allen, running for Senator, has added to its following.

The personalities in this most significant of all Connecticut elections are of unusual importance. Trumbull, the Republican nominee for Governor, has served three terms already. He declined to run in 1930, concluding his rule as "pay as you go" Governor. He is a manufacturer of electrical apparatus, has been intimately tied up with power companies, including Roraback's numerous concerns, and always gets along nicely with the big boss. Dean Cross, on the contrary, is the studious, intellectual type. A few people have been unkind enough to say that he has been somewhat of a fussy old woman as Governor, but a truer statement undoubtedly is that he has done remarkably well considering the fact that he has been handicapped and even hog-tied by a Republican legislature. He has demonstrated his spunk on numerous occasions. Levitt, a nervous, impulsive man whose determination never flags, abounds with energy. He flits about the State devoting practically all of his time to his anti-Roraback battle. At heart he is a conservative, although a crusader. The last thing he desires, personally, is to hold office. He has been forced to run on his own ticket for lack of suitable material for candidates.

Bingham, as almost everyone knows, has been explorer, history professor, father of a large family of boys, and lately the noisiest advocate of beer, at least in the Senate. His personality is not a political asset. In unguarded moments he is pedantic and patronizing. His speaking voice is slightly reedy and unpleasant. The American Federation of Labor has turned thumbs down upon him; the W. C. T. U. is after his scalp; and the general impression is spreading among intelligent voters that he echoes Roraback's ideas and thinks first of the invincible machine and second of the voters who elected him. During his campaign he has been hopping from point to point in the State in an autogyro, to the awe of the country yokels. In the Senate he is heartily disliked. Lonergan, his Democratic opponent, is more of a rough-and-tumble politician. He has been quiet but industrious in the lower house, is fully as wet as Bingham, knows his way around in Washington, and is well known in the State. He will make a moderately strong candidate, considering the fact that he is an "out" party member. Milton Conover, the Independent Republican Party nominee for the Senate, is an earnest student of government, teaching it at Yale and spending his summers with the Institute for Government Research at Washington. Devere Allen, editor, author, and liberal progressive, resembles him in general outlook.

The final word on Connecticut amounts to a comparison with the campaign of 1912, in which Roosevelt so split the vote that Wilson carried the State. In that campaign Wilson polled 74,561 votes in the State, Taft 68,324, and Roosevelt 34,129. If the Socialist and Independent Republican tickets draw the support some observers believe they will, it is quite possible that the Democratic ticket will carry the State. In years to come it may be that Connecticut Republicans will still lament the day they refused to let the Independents place the regular Republican Presidential electors on their ticket. It may be that the party can use the extra votes.

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From Mining to Moonshine

By MARY KELSEY

AT Standard, on Paint Creek, there was no bread at the schoolhouse lunch which the Quakers served. On his way up the winding trail the baker had been held up by "two ladies with a shotgun." Both shotguns and a lack of bread are commonplaces in Standard. Like a thousand other wild-cat coal mines, hastily brought into existence to meet the need and to seize the profits of the war demand, Standard went into hopeless decline when the market slumped, and the hapless victims, marooned in their tottering shanties, found themselves without work and without resources.

Standard is virtually at the end of the earth. There are almost thirty miles of hard travel between it and Charleston, West Virginia, the larger town upon which Standard and all its companion derelicts are beginning to weigh like a nightmare. Charleston is beginning to feel jumpy when the subject of coal mines is touched upon. Hunger marches, demonstrations by the miners seeking public notice and some solution of their problems, are not infrequent there; and Charleston itself, struggling against the wave of financial depression which is submerging the rest of the country, is not ready with a solution.

Standard is only one of many. It is perhaps unique in the beauty of its surroundings, for it lies far up a wild and narrow valley, which were it not for the shanties and the tipple would be a marvel of beauty. Even now Paint Creek runs crystal clear, and on the side beyond the camp the thicket of hemlock and rhododendron is unbroken. In early spring it must be a sort of fairyland.

It is the rhododendrons and the hemlocks that have made possible Standard's alternative industry—moonshining. They offer the necessary seclusion; and even at Standard a still brings handsome financial reward. And what other means of livelihood exists? But it's a risky business. Mrs. Reynolds, with eleven-day-old Opal Pauline at her breast, made us understand just how risky it was. Mrs. Reynolds's cabin did not suggest affluence, in spite of her husband's profession. It was neater than most of the others, and Mrs. Reynolds herself struck us as a woman of superior quality. The sight of the school children trooping out for recess had made us feel that a good deal of superior quality might be latent in the crazy shacks of the settlement. Blonde and fair-skinned, gentle in speech and manner, they gave an impression of surprising refinement, but also, unfortunately, of a surprising lack of character. For in Standard there is no protest against existing conditions. The poverty, the squalor, and the complete lack of any hope for the future are accepted with resignation as acts of God. That fact is perhaps Standard's greatest problem.

There had apparently been some protest in Mr. Reynolds, but he was not there to express it. He had joined a union some time back, and subsequently there had been no work for Mr. Reynolds in any mine in the valley. So he had adopted the alternative industry, and the law had got him.

"I done all I could, honest, Honey, I did," Mrs. Reynolds said earnestly; "I wouldn't touch a drop of that there stuff, not for nothing, and I done all I could to keep my man from touching hit, but he sez that ruther than let his children starve to death he'd try moonshinin' and they caught him at his still. Someone squealed on him." Squealing is unfortunately a valley habit. We learned that almost every man in Standard was, or had been, in jail as a result.

"They give him a year in Moundsville jail, and fined him a hundred dollars and costs." Mrs. Reynolds's dusky eyes were full of trouble, but they cleared for a moment as she added with pride, "Lord, Honey, I got an awful good-looking man. He weighs two hundred and sixteen pounds. He ain't never seen the baby. They took him off two months ago."

Now the county is supporting both Mr. Reynolds in Moundsville jail and Mrs. Reynolds back home. Twice a month she receives two sacks of flour and two of meal, five pounds of pork fat, three pounds of coffee, a can of karo, five pounds of dried beans, salt, and half a bushel of potatoes, to feed herself and her four children, and she is faring infinitely better than many of her fellows in other valleys. But there is no soap, and Mrs. Reynolds feels that soap is an important omission.

Happily, fuel is not one of the problems of Standard. All the shacks have open grates with big soft-coal fires burning in them. The coal can be had not exactly for the asking, but for the hewing. Up to the day of Opal Pauline's birth, Mrs. Reynolds was tramping to the tipple half a mile away with her pick in her hand, and trudging home again laden with the big black blocks. Strangely enough, the child seemed to have suffered no harm from her mother's toil. She held the little red thing out to us with pride: "See what a nice baby I got," she said.

Floyd was the oldest of the four children. He had had infantile paralysis as a little boy; it had left him not quite bright, and with crossed eyes. He was a trial to his teacher because he could not see the words written on the blackboard, but Mrs. Reynolds was not thinking of visiting an oculist. Floyd would have to get along as best he could. In his father's absence he was a great help to his mother. "He's awful good to me," she said, with humble gratitude. Floyd went to school, but neither Bobby nor Bertha was old enough to go. Mrs. Reynolds could not rest in bed for more than eight days after the baby was born for fear that the children would fall down the crazy steps or run under the wheels of the not infrequent automobiles that mysteriously follow the trail up the valley. The sheriff had told Mrs. Reynolds that she'd be surprised if she could see the number of barrels that he had found hidden away in the gully.

Mrs. Reynolds, perched on the upper step of the rickety flight that led to her shack, waved her hand to us cheerfully as we drove away. We pondered during our homeward journey on an alternative industry to the alternative industry of Standard. Who can suggest one?

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What I Believe*

By GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

WHAT I believe is a residue—the residue of those things which I have ceased to believe. To prefer this residue is not to make belief anemic; it is to believe more firmly that which one believes. It is to practice that economy in belief which is the antithesis of superstition. Much of belief has been an attempt of man to make tolerable for himself the world in which he lives. It has been a method of adaptation to environment by process of illusion. There would be small harm in this were it not, as Walter Lippmann has pointed out in one of the most illuminating books of our day, that the indulgence of this craving for the solace of illusion keeps the mind of man immature. It is not consonant with a true sense of values. It has, moreover, more subtle and dangerous forms than the old religious animism. There is not only the superstition of the gods. There is the superstition of man. It is this which resisted Galileo and Darwin and which confuses issues today. Professor Elmer More protests that his horror of the antediluvian world is such that it would keep him awake o' nights did he feel that, in the make-up of his soul, there were still traces of the ape, tremors responsive to animal needs, echoings of horrid fears. Rebecca West, in that Counterblast to Humanism (published in the August, 1931, issue of the *Bookman*) which is rich in the expression of her peculiar genius, points out that this particular kind of superstition is shoddy and pinchbeck compared with the faith which humbled man before the inscrutable plan of the Almighty.

What I may perhaps be permitted to term moral pre-Copernicanism is always likely to have its followers: man will always be flattered to consider himself the final cause and center of the universe. A certain professor of Tulane University has been stirred to write a defense, in the *Hibbert Journal,* of the good folk of Tennessee, pointing out that they are protestants on behalf of the high values of human life against the corroding philosophy of "nothing but." I sympathize with him to this extent that I am aware that many men develop a cynic and nihilistic philosophy for the ulterior purpose of absolving their consciences from bondage to reason by pointing out their own irrational origins. The fact, however, that some men use a truth to fill out a vicious brief for the defense is no reason why truth should not be stated. The argument of Professor Fletcher of Tulane is an excellent instance of what I have termed "the human superstition." I cannot but suppose that it was this article in the *Hibbert Journal* which stimulated the dangerous pen of Aldous Huxley to one of the finest short pieces —A Meditation on the Moon—which I have seen for a long time. Science advises us only on facts and relations; it is for us to evaluate and interpret. Let not science presume beyond its sphere. On this both Professor Fletcher and Mr. Huxley agree. Man, then, says Professor Fletcher, is not "nothing but a monkey," but a little below the angels; the farmers of Tennessee vaguely apperceive this great truth. The moon, says Aldous Huxley, is not "nothing but a stone"; it is numinous and a great god to whose phases tides and the blood of women and of men respond. By the same argument by which Professor Fletcher keeps man on his pedestal Mr. Huxley is able, with entire consistency, to produce a defense of fetishism. Mr. Huxley writes as a poet and we cannot limit the poets. Truth, however, has two aspects: scientific, designed for the control of things and resting upon convenient suppositions; and poetic, concerned with the perspective of values. Both are entitled to their place. The sacrilege of superstition is to flaunt itself against the precept of intellectual honesty which bids us make clear whether we are speaking after the style of poets or of scientists.

Edmund Wilson has somewhere said that no first-class minds any longer believe in the supernatural. I shall not presume to speak about this class of which Wilson makes statements so dogmatic—apparently John Henry Newman does not make the grade or any other divine. I am, however, certain that, having been brought up in the strictest school of the religious (but for the grace of—what?—I should now be a monk), my development has been one of growing repugnance to all invocations of the miraculous and to all explanations of the world *per obscurius,* whether for the honor of God or for the benefit of the conceit of humanity. Yet—if I may be permitted the paradox—I grow more and more of a scholastic, for the scholastics were Catholic theologians by accident and rationalists by essential method. I experience direct satisfaction when I hear that Einstein has rejected the Eddingtonian endeavor to rescue the miraculous free will at all costs by an appeal to the principle of indeterminism. As a matter of values it seems to me that the Stoics were wiser than Professor Eddington when they insisted that the nature of God was to be found in reason and order.

The bacchant followers of Bergson, including Aldous Huxley's Rampion and the original of Rampion, D. H. Lawrence, are inviting us to Rampionize, to live in accordance with nature, which, significantly and un-Hellenically enough, is interpreted as irrational. We are, as it were, to "let the instincts rip"—and, strangely enough, the psychologists are called in as compurgators, although all psychology is an invasion by scientific reason of the world of sentiments. I don't believe a word of it. After the instinctive orgasm follow, by reaction, the boredom with life and that pathological preoccupation with the ego, that Narcissism, which has characterized the most vicious side of European culture. Either repulsion from this mood of egoistic reverie leads to a return to a primitive activism or the attitude ends in a morbid melancholia. The third phase in this psychological progress is that of the skepticism of Aldous Huxley and what has happily been called the Byronic pessimism of Joseph Wood Krutch. Man is seen as a creature of many possibilities—the more civilized, the more the possibilities. Biology points out no one particular line of fundamental value which it is "natural" for him to pursue. Nature has deserted him—sent him forth with a box of matches to light a hell for himself just wherever he will. The gods have deserted him.

* The eighth of a series of articles on this subject by well-known men and women.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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I admit that the world yields no "fundamental meanings"; philosophy no "fundamental problems"; there are no "final solutions"; no "absolute truths." The peculiar characteristic, however, of man appears to be his reason. Reason has developed not by parthenogenesis, but by the meeting of obstacles. The mastery of his world is not only the task but the satisfaction of man—it involves the exercise of his peculiarity. Bertrand Russell is entirely right in advising this objectivity of outlook in his "Conquest of Happiness." Nor, unless we cramp what we choose to recognize of experience into some wooden system and meet experience only with the mechanical reactions of the conventional moralist, shall we ever lack the need for rational control in the exercise of the art of meeting what experience and history have to offer. Nor shall we lack emotional adventure. This experience may be fleeting but the present time is no less real than all the spaces of eternity. The art is of the fleeting, but while this art retains its satisfactions, we need never despair of the value of life for us. The mention, however, of an art of life implies certain standards. To speak of mastery of the world makes the need for these standards still more specific. By what standards the art; and to what end the mastery? Sheer extension of experience, quantitative, chaotic, is not enough.

I imagine that a Julian Huxley and an Aldous Huxley may find their satisfaction, the one as a biologist, the other aesthetically, in the elegant dissection of a cadaver. The contemplation of future generations in possible worlds may well give satisfaction to J. B. S. Haldane. These are scientific pleasures. They are akin to the pleasures of the artist. As a student of politics I find my satisfaction in the contemplation of the idea of the rational community and, in more optimistic moments, in the endeavor to promote its realization by the study of political method. That rational community I yet would define by negation. However much we may be skeptics concerning ultimate values, we are entitled upon the basis of our direct experience to the strength of our disbeliefs. What largely gives men significance is that which they select to attack. The fight against what our private experience tells us is the infamous—war, poverty, the dominance in convention of the motives of fear, social cruelty, and insensitive vulgarity—the fight against the inhumane, supplies us with a norm by which to judge and put in perspective other values. I do not wish, I would repeat, to reduce all values to a merely utilitarian test or to solely human standards of reference. To do this smacks of that arrogance of the "human superstition" of which I have complained. Some of the highest values are not only contemplative in form but are non-social and non-human in content. The deeper our psychological insight, the more we shall probably be unwilling to admit that the human race is something which can be understood in sharp detachment from all other manifestations of life. Now and again I am aware of something in common between what moves human impulses and what may move migrating birds in their flight. But, as a human being, this sense is yet not in the foreground of my consciousness. Primarily it is a rational human world which I contemplate, in which I work and for which I live.

I find, nevertheless, at times, that the satisfaction of contemplating a rationally ordered mankind, duly gratifying instinct and right impulse, is jejune, even when my contemplation is enriched by that catholicity of experience which is one of the chiefest things which I ask of life. Nor am I content with the notion of this developing rational order as merely negative, directed against evils. While I am prepared to accept Bosanquet's definition of religion as the sense of union with the whole, I need at times definite and sensible content given to this whole—something in the place of the ecstasy of the vision of God of Aquinas and Dante. Such a rich content is desirable to give perfection to life even if it is not necessary in adversity. To what is it, then, that I look?

I question myself more precisely concerning what is this central and positive something of experience, abiding yet sensuous, for which I am seeking, and find my answer in friendship. I confess that I can see no personal reason whatsoever for continuing along a road which offers no keener attraction than that—which even the dullest road offers—of seeing round the next corner, were it not for love of a few choice, dear souls who keep one going on while one can still hear voices so sweet before silence. There is, indeed, an uncertainty and contingency in particular friendships which must be accepted. The quest for absolute certainties in the adventure of life is futile; human experience is incomplete; even the certainty of God for the believer is subject to the corrosion of doubt. There may be some to whom this answer may seem simple, commonplace, even cheap. They may tell me that I find the answer to the riddle of happiness in the mutual admiration of a clique. I reply that they do not yet understand that personality is achieved through society. The friendship of the best men demands all the art and all the qualities of which a human being is capable. It does not preclude, but demands, those qualities of independence, self-sufficiency, courage, and dignity which distinguish an admirable character from a parasitic and dependent one. It teaches us to loathe servility.

I freely admit that the substitution of mundane friendships for religious devotion may lead to an indubitable cheapening of experience if the friendships are merely fair-weather friendships, epicurean of the worse sort, in order to enable us to enjoy a good time. One of the tests of a civilized man lies in his recognition that the world contains more tragedies than bean feasts; in his respect for the pain of any human being; in his sense for the tragic and for the privacies of personality. Nevertheless, I agree with Spinoza, against the asceticism of Christianity, that the stress should be placed, in a balanced life, upon those things which make for vitality and power. Among these I place first artistic contemplation by the individual; the satisfaction of man in action as the worker, the disciplined artist; and the suitable and exacting friendships of the social being. I admit that there are times when the best friendships cannot be had or must be sacrificed. A man must then fall back upon either animal courage or that sublimation which is a sense of union with the Deity and which would drive me to go and listen to the Mass.

In the grouping of friends, moreover, I find, as a political student, the clue to the purpose and plan of social organization. A reasonable society is one in which the formation, for common life, of groups of like-minded friends becomes more and more possible as the advance of civilization renders it less and less probable that such groups will use their power for purposes of abuse and privilege. In such a community I believe, as in a thing valuable and rational, a thing able to give at once happiness and discipline.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter is still a little dizzy from a recent encounter with a young and modern parent who is setting out, with amazing confidence, to bring up his children to fit into their world and thereby miss all the heartaches and nervous breakdowns that have harried their elders since children were invented. Beginning with environment, this parent says, quite rightly, that a modern American child is almost certain to spend most of his life in a city. It is essential, therefore, that he should be "conditioned" to the city from an early age. The Drifter admits, though sadly, the logic of this idea. He can see that he himself might be happier if his nostalgic recollections of childhood were bound up with subways and traffic lights instead of wide back yards and still fishing holes that are forever remote and inaccessible. But he is just perverse enough to feel that it is better to have loved and lost a country childhood than never to have had one at all, and he would find it very difficult not to inflict such a childhood, despite its irrelevance to modern life, upon any child that fell into his clutches.

* * * * *

THE trouble lies, of course, with the Drifter. Even in the small matter of castor oil for babies, his perversity would cause him to break all the rules. He understands that the pamphlet on infant care issued by the Children's Bureau directs the parent, when administering castor oil, to look pleasant so that the child will not get the idea that the stuff is awful. The parent, in other words, should see that the child becomes adjusted at an early age to castor oil, which is to be its daily lot for years to come. Right there the Drifter would rebel. He could never bring himself to pervert a child's discrimination to the extent of letting him think that castor oil had a pleasant taste.

* * * * *

AS for human environment, the education of the modern child ideally should combine free self-expression with social conscience in such nice proportions that the child will never care about those forms of self-expression which interfere with the interests of others, and that, as a result, he will be perfectly adjusted, never having or causing nervous headaches. Here, too, the Drifter discovers a perversity within himself. Aside from the difficulty of knowing the exact measure of the chaotic world to which the child must be fitted, the Drifter can think of nothing more deadly dull than a human being perfectly adjusted to his world—unless it was a city or even a house full of such smooth creatures. He has known a few "adjusted" people in his lifetime, and as he looks back he discovers that he always called them simple-minded. Complication, emotional or otherwise, is certainly one of the differences between vegetables and men, and while the Drifter can see the desirability of a world in which everyone was as contented as vegetables, he personally would find it extremely tiresome. Unfortunately, it is the little anti-social edges of non-conformity, more often than not, that complicate life and make it interesting—and it is these rough edges that the adjuster would feel constrained to chip off in the name of social conscience. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Too Good to Be True

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The town of Chanute, Kansas, owns its own water, gas, and electric-light systems, and in consequence has no municipal taxes. The last number of *P. G. and E. Progress,* the widely distributed organ of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, quotes the statement that this situation is too good to be true; that in reality Chanute levies a tax by *overcharging* its users of gas, water, and light. Let us glance at some facts.

The following is a comparison of my last Pacific Gas and Electric bill with the bill I would have received in Chanute for the same amount of gas and electricity:

	P. G. and E.	Chanute
Gas, 3,000 cu. ft.	$4.77	$1.50
Electricity, 33 KWH	$2.02	$1.98
Total	$6.79	$3.48

I wonder how the Pacific Gas and Electric Company would define the word "overcharge"?

Chico, Cal., September 24 PEVERIL MEIGS, 3D

The New Tendency

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial in your issue of October 5 states that "V. F. Calverton achieves the *reductio ad absurdum* of his own argument when he allows it to lead him to the conclusion that among contemporary American writers the only ones deserving of real esteem are Mr. Dos Passos, Mr. Gold, and Mr. Harrison." *This statement is unfair and untrue.*

Nowhere in "The Liberation of American Literature," to which the editorial undoubtedly refers, do I assert that the only American writers deserving of real esteem are Mr. Dos Passos, Mr. Gold, and Mr. Harrison. What I do say is that the three writers in question indicate what I believe will be the new tendency in American literature. More than that, I believe that that tendency is the one to be encouraged, for it carries within it the seeds of a new culture. But the recognition of that fact does not make me close my mind to the importance of other writers outside of that tendency.

New York, October 7 V. F. CALVERTON

Concerning the "New Morality"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial in *The Nation* for September 28 on Liberalism and Sex is not likely to satisfy your correspondent from Kansas nor the large group of liberals, to which I belong, who share his convictions. The implication of the editorial is that liberalism, if it is to be logical and thoroughgoing, will challenge "conventional" sex morality as surely as it does the injustices of the present economic system and the selfishness and sordidness of our present political life. That this is not true is proved by the fact that there are multitudes of clear-headed, independent-minded liberals who protest against the cruelties and injustice of our social order while they are equally convinced that continence before marriage and fidelity to the marriage vow are in the long run "more humane, more reasonable,

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and more useful" than the "new morality" in which *The Nation* professes to believe. Liberal to the bone, this large group does not ask that "one section of the moral code be tested by its usefulness to humanity without asking that every other section be tested in the same way." It is precisely because, testing the "conventional" code of sex morality in the same realistic way as other sections of our moral life, these thinkers discover it to be more "useful to humanity" than any other code, that they support it as passionately as they dissent from current moral ideas in other sections. The real answer to the question: Does or does not liberalism in politics and economics imply liberal or unconventional attitudes toward sexual morality? is, It does not.

Cambridge, Mass., September 30 RAYMOND CALKINS

Why I Am Voting the Socialist Ticket

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My reasons for voting the Socialist ticket this fall are very simple. I am not voting for Norman Thomas as a man, much as I may admire him. I am not voting for the Socialist Party as such. I am voting for an idea, for what I want my America to grow into—that civilized, decent society where we shall know more than we do today about the very serious business of living and working together for the common good, without preying on and injuring each other as we do today.

I am voting the Socialist ticket because I should be ashamed to think that what we have today is the best we can do. I believe that human nature *does* change, and that blind as we are, we are struggling upward; and I would be with those who are pushing forward, not holding back or standing still.

The Socialist Party, as it is, is not big enough really to express my idea and the hope I have. But it is the best means we have today with which to work toward that idea; and it is for every one of us who thinks in the same way to pull together and build a society that does represent us.

MEHETABEL THANKFUL AMADELL

New York, October 10

Contributors to This Issue

EMIL LUDWIG is the author of "Goethe, the History of a Man," "Napoleon," "Bismarck," and other volumes.

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Books, Drama, Films

Bread and Wine

By JAMES RORTY

I

The body of the truth
We have consumed together is the very bread
Of love; this we have eaten and grown strong;
Eaten, I say, but tasted little, what is bread
Used without praise? And yet the miracle
Speaks in our flesh, I cannot find—
Filter my blood, you will not find
Denial of your truth that now is mine,
Not now or ever, not in any least
Stir of the hands, or flicker of the candid eye.

I, who am faithful, do not choose,
I do but use
The truth you give me; now I stand
Confronted by this certitude, amazed
I do not speak my hot blood's praise, and say
I love you, break the austere
Bread of our love into a wine of words—untrue!
I cannot say it. Better the bread
Unstaled, the truth unnamed, unspoken, better the bread.

Words for the hungry. We are fed.

II

The bread of truth, the wine
Of love we use, is dark with hurt,
Flaming with anger; by this sign
We know we shall not soon revert
To ashes of uncaring; how shall I
Declare your power, save with fierce
Denial? And how shall you try
My steel unless it pierce
Almost to love's own heart? . . . In rage
I do confess I shall not find
Port in your ocean; I engage
Only to sail, in calm, or in the blind
Welter of storm. What other fate
Could make us sooner or more surely great?

You weep, my dear, but you are used.
We who asked life are not refused.

More Light Needed

Light in August. By William Faulkner. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

MR. FAULKNER has written four notable novels by now and a number of short stories. An earlier work or two of his has even been resurrected, although less to be read and noted than to be acquired as Faulkneriana. He has been called everything from a young man of promise to a dreadful example of the decadence of American fiction. He remains one of the half-dozen or so most interesting novelists writing in the United States. And at this point, after reading "Light in August," it is sad to have to indulge in a Cassandra-like head-wagging, to declare that of the four notable novels the best is still "The Sound and the Fury," which was also the first.

"Light in August" is the story of one Joe Christmas, illegitimate, bundled off to an orphanage by a half-crazy grandfather who believed him to have Negro blood. His mother died in childbirth; his father, a trouper in a small-town circus, had been shot dead by the avenging old man. The child grew up as orphans have always grown up in books—unfriended, hounded, beaten, although not starved. Adopted at the age of six by a religious fanatic, his physical wants were attended to decently enough. He was clean, reasonably warm, not hungry. But his back suffered the lash week in and week out because his stubborn will would not bend to his foster-father's stubborn will. At eighteen he was completely ignorant of the world and without a friend, nor did he, in his fierce loneliness, desire one. When he met a woman almost twice his age who was known to be a harlot to everyone but himself, it was natural that he should love her. It was natural that he should beat his foster-father to death in a brawl over her. It was natural that she should rob and leave him, after her friends had smashed his face to a pulp. The world opened for him then and closed fifteen years later when he was shot in escaping from prison, where he would presently hang for rape and murder and arson.

These details will assure the reader that Mr. Faulkner is merely himself. The scene is still Jefferson, Mississippi. The characters are still mostly poor white trash, mindless, sheep-like, cruel; or they are Negroes, equally mindless but with a kind of gargantuan gaiety to boot. I have omitted the most interesting episode in the book, the one, indeed, which differentiates this novel from the others. In the account of Joe's love affair with Miss Burden, the Yankee spinster whose murder he pays for with his own life, Mr. Faulkner shows his powers at their best. Here are humility, contempt, pride, remorse, and ecstasy. If the rest of "Light in August" were written at this high level, Mr. Faulkner would be a serious contender for honors which no writer alive can lay claim to.

Because the book as a whole by no means measures up to its best moments, it is worth while asking why. One notes that Mr. Faulkner has taken to repeating himself. This is probably inevitable, for when you have included in one novel the sweep of baser human actions from rape to murder, you may find yourself obliged to include them again in the next. And when you write about the same sort of people in the same section of the deep South, you must inevitably bring in the burning battle between white and black, the curse of idiocy, the plague of poverty and cruelty, or be convicted of romantic trifling. Mr. Faulkner also repeats one or two of his contemporaries. His first paragraph might have been in any book by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The compound, unhyphenated words which blossom more and more frequently in his pages smell like James Joyce. He might well have omitted some of the Reverend Hightower. He has lost something of what was one of his most triumphant talents, an ear for the rich nuances of Southern speech. But these are actually unimportant defects in what otherwise might have been an intensely powerful novel, and is something less. I should guess that the book's major fault is one of method. Mr. Faulkner writes with a kind of understatement, as if a charge of dynamite that was somehow smokeless and noiseless had been set off under one's feet. The resulting explosion is no less disastrous; but there is no fuss. Along with this understatement goes the method of describing in detail what a character does without ever saying what he feels. The reader is expected to derive the feelings from the resulting behavior. Right here I should say was the difficulty. Joe is introduced to the reader

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as ruthless, lonely, and proud. With the cut-back made familiar in "Sanctuary," the reason is given. And the matter ends there. What is he thinking while he is under the fatal spell of Miss Burden's pitiful lust? What is he thinking when he strolls into Mottstown after a week of having been hunted through the woods with bloodhounds, and stands on the main street until somebody recognizes him? What is he thinking when his own grandmother, he who had no mother or father or child or kin, comes to him in jail and promises him sanctuary? He believes her and runs where she tells him and is shot. But what does he think? What does he feel? The reader should not be obliged to guess, and Mr. Faulkner does not say. One can only wish that he did.

This fault, perhaps of method, perhaps merely a lack of power, effectively answers the claim that Mr. Faulkner is another Dostoevski. What characterizes Dostoevski is a furious, unceasing, passionate ratiocination. The activities of Mr. Faulkner's characters, when the reader is made aware of them at all, take place almost entirely in the viscera. It may be that he does not describe their minds because he is so firmly convinced that they have none. In that case, perhaps a change of locale would help. It is possible that he simply lost interest in Joe Christmas in favor of the Reverend Hightower, which was bad judgment. But if he ever holds himself in with a firm enough hand, and determines that not one drop of feeling shall escape him—or the reader—then it will be time for the wise critics who called him a young man of promise to cash in their checks, with a dividend that will probably surprise them.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Sir Walter Scott

Sir Walter Scott. By John Buchan. Coward-McCann. $3.75.
The Laird of Abbotsford. By Dame Una Pope-Hennessey. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.
The Waverley Pageant. By Hugh Walpole. Harper and Brothers. $4.

THIS year happens to be the centenary of Sir Walter Scott's death, and now at a moment when his influence seems very remote we are given a chance to revalue his work and his reputation. Everyone remembers the enormous success of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and of the Waverley Novels that followed hard upon the quick stream of narrative verse. Here was the glory of the past recalled in radiant atmosphere—deep shadows and sunlight always golden—yet the narrative, exciting though it might be, was never obscure, or, like the German romances from which it was derived, too fantastic for common belief. Here was good sense, untouched by the profundities of emotion and human wisdom. It was a story that could be read to relieve the boredom of a slow hour when country gentlemen, or ladies, sat by the fire or were locked indoors by a spell of nasty weather.

Donald Carswell believes that the Waverley Novels are unread today, and Hugh Walpole, urbane as ever, hopes for the contrary. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Carswell, for too many high-school boys have become conscious of Sir Walter as a painful duty. Those who, had they lived a hundred years ago, would have read every line he wrote, now turn to his lineal descendants, Sabatini and Edgar Wallace.

The chances of Scott returning to popular favor are small, and to explain the reason for his hundred-year decline into an unread—or unreadable—"classic," we need the help of his biographers. The first and greatest of these is, of course, John Gibson Lockhart, without whom the contemporary biographer is nearly helpless. His ten-volume monument to Scott's greatness will outlast all others; it is a grand source book to which Una Pope-Hennessy and John Buchan are heavily indebted. A number of the facts concerning Scott have been public property for years, and from them we may derive our own conclusions.

There has always been much talk of Scott writing for money, which he did, but what seems even more important to us today is that he started writing as a form of amusement. Remember that his literary career opened late, that he was thirty-four at the time he published "The Lay," and that he was already middle-aged when he wrote the Waverley Novels. He had a genial Tory disposition, a comfortable income and estate, a wife, children, and ambitions to become a laird. Though lame he had overcome his handicap by vigorous outdoor exercise, and even his bookishness seemed to be an outlet for surplus energy. Hard walking and hard riding and military display he loved inordinately, for they fitted his conception of a right-headed, hardy Tory gentleman. His taste in literature was governed by his antiquarian hobbies, which coincided perfectly with a strange new kind of writing pouring out of Germany, and embraced a freakish, grotesque novel by "Monk" Lewis. Anything that gave him a feeling of participation with the past was quite acceptable—old armor, old songs, the picaresque novel, all these were welcome. His good sense, which was his virtue (and I believe the cause of his undoing as a man and as an artist), must have found the rambling, disconnected romantic narrative unsatisfactory, and at best unmanly illogic for a prosperous Scotch lawyer. A touch of realism here and there, or, if possible, a *real* personage, a *real* name, and a *continuous* story, would make a glorious picture of the past more convincing and, what was surely desirable, more pleasant. Such a story would be more than a mere hint or suggestion of excitement. Why, he himself could supply the necessary ingredients, and his learning could be turned to tangible advantage. The popularity that followed his first attempts at narrative verse must have come as a surprise. Energy, logic, and facility reaped immediate rewards.

Since the rewards were paid in cash, another factor entered the game of writing in spare time. His very recreation could be made the means of furthering his ambitions to become a laird, to meet the famous people of his time, and even shake hands with the king! To satisfy these desires, traveling expenses must be accounted for; a superlatively large estate and social position were needed. First of all, there must be more money. The trick was to keep thousands of people reading him; to keep them as well as himself amused, and it was fortunate that he could trust his own instincts in this matter. When, in 1812, Byron's popularity eclipsed Scott's reputation as a poet, Scott lost no time in jealous yearning for prestige. He found that it would be a rare game to play anonymous novelist, to test his ingenuity beyond the limits of writing popular verse. His success remained unbroken; soon he was writing novels at the rate of two a year, and enjoying the release of creative power.

In mid-career Scott was not so much a novelist as an industry. His formula, which was to contribute a narrative structure to the English novel, had become automatic. It was possibly true that when he sat down to his desk he had no idea what new adventure awaited his characters, but he could trust his subconscious gift for plot, and would find in the making of it as much enjoyment as his readers. As for the characters he conceived, from Richard Cœur de Lion and Louis XI to Queen Elizabeth and Cromwell, all the costumed realism of their respective movements was convincing—until they reached the point where it was necessary to display the deeper significance of human emotion. At these points Scott, sensibly enough, veered into action, and the motives that moved toward an unpleasant acquisition of power were hidden in bold flashes of warfare or a duel of wit. This was the sort of reading that would delight a middle-aged gentleman who today forgets his worries by following the course of a detective story.

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Meanwhile Scott's venture into writing for money (since he had gone into the business himself, had his own printer, and had become hopelessly involved in the affairs of his publisher) nearly drove him insane. Donald Carswell has written the complete story of Scott's curious financial tangle in his book, "Scott and His Circle." In demanding advances from Constable, Scott found himself taking money out of one pocket to place in the other, until both were empty. John Buchan adds further commentary on the madness of Scott's affairs by explaining the crude banking laws of Scotland during the early years of the nineteenth century.

The close of Scott's career is a semi-tragedy known to everyone. The genial Sir Walter, Tory to the last gasp, was a heroic and rather horrible old man. Of the two biographies before me, John Buchan's is by far the best, and is content to be an orderly summary of the Lockhart "Life." Una Pope-Hennessey's book is more a concession to the fictionized biography, and while sound enough at basis takes occasional flights into sentimentality. Hugh Walpole's defense of the Waverley Novels, parts of which are included in his book, is a graceful, engaging tribute, but unconvincing. Mr. Walpole cannot turn the clock backward, and though we may agree that Scott's virtues were solid as the highlands of Scotland, his influence has already done its work and is now a problem for literary historians, a classroom exercise in the study of romanticism.

HORACE GREGORY

Alexander—and After

The Legacy of Alexander: A History of the Greek World from 323 B. C. to 146 B. C. By Max Cary. The Dial Press. $4.

Alexander the Great. By Ulrich Wilcken. Translated by G. C. Richards. The Dial Press. $4.

IN the Greek expansion that followed the conquests of Alexander there is much to interest us. It offers fascinating analogies with our own situation, analogies of the sort that do not merely provide intellectual sport but constitute evidence which we now dimly comprehend in its true importance, and which will in time be of the highest value to social psychologists.

Relative to Egypt, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Iran, the shores of the Black Sea, and the central plateau of Asia—the vast areas that Alexander's victories gave her—little Greece itself was like the Europe that after the voyages of Columbus and Vasco da Gama found itself with a new world for booty and most of Africa and much of Asia to wield empire in. The Greek exploitation of its new-found world resembled our own in the rapidity of its expansion and the energy which created cities and civilization. The wars waged by the successor kingdoms into which Alexander's empire parted sucked at that energy, but for a hundred years it seemed inexhaustible, as did European imperial energy up to the World War. Greek civilization, like the European, penetrated to the ends of the world that it knew and even beyond. Attenuations of Greek art reached Java and China, and in many beautiful statutes of Buddha Apollo was reborn.

Having the breadth of the world to tread in, Greek localism began to disappear. Citizenship in the little city states, once a jealously guarded privilege, lost its advantages. The phrase "cosmopolite," citizen of the world, was an invention of the time and expressed a reality. It signalized the rapid spread of a uniform Greek civilization over the East Mediterranean world. Its resemblances to the cosmopolitan civilization that Europe has spread over all the continents are startling. Like our own, the pronounced distinction of Hellenistic civilization was its scientific advances. Western humanity was to require a reeducation lasting fifteen hundred years to return to the heights reached then. The expanded Greek world, also, with its interest in realities, allowed its religion to atrophy. Those who could not keep step with the times could find solaces in the spiritualist religions imported from the Orient and recast in that California of its time, Eleusis. Others turned to the rationalizations of the philosophies, Epicurean, Cynic, Skeptic, Stoic. The unformulated secular faiths of our times, if given formulas, would fit tidily into these Hellenistic rationalizations.

The economic system at first shows a contrast with our own, but the contrast is easily explicable and can be shown to be still another resemblance. The Hellenistic age produced machines, but used them only as toys. The reason was that the economic system was built on slave labor, which became so abundant after the conquests that there was no impulse to replace it by mechanical devices. The vast slave supply, kept up by an efficient slave husbandry, weakened free labor and steadily depressed it into the slave class. We see much the same situation in our time, when labor is forced to surrender its human dignity and become an external gear. Greece was torn by proletarian revolts and the counter-strokes of the classes in power. The violent alternations of fortune racked Greek society to pieces. Humanity, at that time, was incapable of solving that problem; it has waited till our day to see in Russia the strongest and most hopeful effort for a solution.

Professor Cary in his book gives us a very interesting and well-written picture of Hellenistic Greece. I have two faults to find, however. He gives up far too much of his book to the wars of the kings—wars as tiresome as they were senseless. This part of his work could have been synopsized and generalized, and were it so generalized, it would be more easily grasped. Was this warfare of the Hellenistic monarchies, to which is given more than half of the book, so much more important than Hellenistic literature, which is surveyed in a few pages? The reduction of this section of the history would have given space for more amplified treatment of Hellenistic civilization, and resulted altogether in a better-proportioned book. My other quarrel is with a detail of Professor Cary's style. It is as a rule astonishingly vivid, and one of the best styles I have met with in recent historical writing. But it is wearisomely allusive, and the allusions are frequently incomprehensible.

Professor Wilcken's biography is well constructed, and is probably the best available on its subject. It is, however, overfavorable to its hero, representing as it does a reaction against the iconoclasm that until recently granted Alexander little more than the loyalty and discipline of his father's army, youth, and luck. Alexander was undoubtedly a genius, but his flaws are equally undoubted. He died too young to come to complete self-realization or to make a complete self-revelation. Much of Wilcken's portrait is of necessity imaginative and interpretative. The colors, however, are bright. Not the most negligible virtue of this biography is its readableness.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Mr. Nathan's Soliloquies

The Intimate Notebooks of George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

CONFRONTED with a certain sort of book, the reviewer is likely to feel that by all odds the greatest service he can render his readers is to give them some idea of the book's contents. This sense of a duty to be performed is particularly compelling if he feels that, for one reason or another, the author of the volume in question enjoys no very large following, and that without his—the reviewer's—efforts the seed that is being sown may fall upon stony ground. Such a book is this latest work by George Jean Nathan.

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By reading Mr. Nathan's "Intimate Notebooks" one may learn that Sinclair Lewis makes speeches in dialect, tells his friends what a great writer he is, and drinks a lot; that Theodore Dreiser is very honest, supports a great many causes, frequently goes to the movies, and drinks a lot; that Ernest Boyd drinks a lot, seldom goes home, and has a fund of anecdotes about literary celebrities; that Jim Tully lives in a villa with a Chinese flunkey, drinks a lot, and is still a hobo at heart; that Clarence Darrow drinks a lot, is a sentimentalist, and thinks he dresses well; that H. L. Mencken constantly complains about his health, drinks a lot, and spends much time in the playing of practical jokes; and that Eugene O'Neill, who is happy when he is happy and sad when he is sad, used to drink a lot. Mr. Nathan, it appears, has utterly failed to convince himself, however hard he may have tried, "that such trivialities are not more important in the picture of a man than items often widely held to be of graver significance."

Only part of the book, however, is devoted to reminiscences of this sort; Mr. Nathan ran out of friends on page 121. Notebook Two contains what he calls Critical Observations. Here we learn that English critics are often hostile to American books, that actors have no great love for reviewers, and that much good writing is buried in periodicals. Notebook Three, devoted to Theatrical Opinions, records Mr. Nathan's faith that the talkies will never supersede the legitimate drama, his conviction that Eugene O'Neill is our foremost dramatist, and his prediction that sentiment is about to triumph over smut in the drama. In Notebook Four he gathers a few Random Conclusions: doctors, he believes, are often ignorant; school children should not be made to memorize dates; Negroes are really not to be pitied. Reading between the lines, one gathers that Mr. Nathan drinks a lot.

It is, as has been stated, the purpose of this review to give a brief summary of "The Intimate Notebooks of George Jean Nathan" for the benefit of those who might otherwise remain ignorant of the volume's contents. If, however, the reader feels a great eagerness for the unabridged text and is unable to procure the book, he may be interested to learn that since Mr. Nathan shares with Ralph Waldo Emerson the habit of working over for publication the entries he makes, at the moment of inspiration, in his intimate notebooks, the greater part of the material here preserved for all time in Granjon type has previously appeared in the public prints and could doubtless be located with the aid of the "Readers' Guide."

GRANVILLE HICKS

A Sprawling Novel

Fired. By Karl Aloys Schenzinger. Translated by S. Guy Endore. The Century Company. $2.

THE major theme of Karl Schenzinger's "Fired" is the plight of the German middle class today. This is the novel's chief, and for the most part its sole, distinction. The story is told with a cinematic smartness which permits it hardly more than to scratch the surface of the profound and tragic theme it essays; it resorts to the sensational and the melodramatic in situations where anything more than the simplest statement of reality seems mere novelistic trickery. Nevertheless, in so far as the book deals with the confusion of a class in the throes of economic dissolution, in so far as it deals with the chaos that is Germany today, Schenzinger's novel cannot be without interest for us.

The author takes a petty bank official, a graduate engineer, and a hotel doorman and shows what happens to them and their families under the threat and materialization of unemployment. He seems to be under the illusion that in doing so he has taken a cross-section of class stratification, although actually he has taken only three representatives of the petty bourgeoisie, for the hotel doorman is no more a member of the proletariat than the bank official is a member of the ruling class—all three are wage slaves, and all three face the same annihilation when their jobs are taken away from them. The financial expert eventually hangs himself, the doorman plays the horses with whatever money he can scrape together from the sale of the last sticks of furniture in the house, while our hero, the young engineer, drifts down and out, and eventually, of course, into the arms of Hitler, his program of action being as violent and as vague as that of the party which welcomes him.

The irritating thing about Schenzinger's novel is its utter lack of emphasis, its muddle-headedness. It is all over the place, jumping from a political brawl to Dostoevskian melancholy with a distressing nonchalance. The author's bourgeois and fascist sympathies are obvious, yet nowhere does he present his case with the slightest conviction. A revolting and utterly meaningless student anti-Semitic riot is presented in a favorable light; a spectacular debate between fascist and Communist delegates, ending in a free-for-all, is described without even informing the reader as to the nature of the arguments presented. The reader can only infer that the author, while writing a novel whose implications are chiefly political and economic, does not himself understand the nature of those implications, and begins to wonder if any of those operatic youngsters rushing around with brown shirts and cudgels understand any more.

EDWIN SEAVER

Understanding France

The Evolution of the French People. By Charles Seignobos. Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.25.

PROFESSOR SEIGNOBOS'S volume, offered by the publisher as "almost certainly the best short history of France ever written, and quite certainly the best ever offered to American readers," contains much to justify these slightly extravagant claims. Yet to all who lack a detailed knowledge of French history, the book will inevitably be confusing, since it is not, in the generally accepted meaning of the term, a history of France at all. In justice to Professor Seignobos, it must be admitted that he does not regard it as such. Rather, he defines it as an attempt to explain, often confessedly on the basis of very scanty source material, a long and complicated process of evolution; to present and to analyze critically the series of transformations which, operating upon the people who have occupied France in ages past, has made them into the French nation of today. Every informed and thoughtful reader will find in Professor Seignobos's attempt to do this difficult thing a performance which is always scholarly, rarely unsound, often provocative, and sometimes brilliant.

Professor Seignobos's method of approach to the problem has not only presented difficulties to him—difficulties which he has for the most part surmounted admirably—but it is open to certain valid objections. The most serious of these is that, impelled by the sheer physical limitation of space, the author has violated the most fundamental rule of historical method by a complete renunciation of the whole mechanism of proof. Thus the work is unsupported by any authority save that of Professor Seignobos's own scholarship. In the hands of almost anyone else, this innovation in historical method would be merely a rash presumption, but few would question the scholarly authority of the professor of modern history at the University of Paris.

Nevertheless, certain of Professor Seignobos's interpreta-

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tions are, in the opinion of this reviewer at least, somewhat strained. In his treatment of the Protestant Reformation, for example, while it is natural that he should place particular emphasis on the work of Calvin, his statement that Calvin's doctrines were accepted by the Protestant churches of all countries other than Germany and Scandinavia is certainly open to qualification. Again, few would agree that the latitudinarian theories which developed from Locke's writings in the late seventeenth century resulted in England in the overthrow of the Christian doctrine itself.

These, however, are comparatively minor flaws in the excellence of the whole work. Professor Seignobos has selected his materials with skill, developing them in such a way as to depict the growth of the customs and institutions which form the core of present-day France. The effectiveness of the work is increased by the stress which he has placed on feelings, beliefs, habits, and ideas, for he rightly holds that some understanding of men's motives is the essential preliminary to an understanding of their deeds.

It is impossible to form any estimate of Professor Seignobos's style, for the reason that in foreign translations one can never tell where the author ends and the translator begins. The book is frankly not easy reading, but for all who would understand the France of today it is well worth the effort.

CATHARINE YOUNG

Shorter Notices

Nicodemus. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

This is a collection of poems very much Edwin Arlington Robinson's own, a series of those philosophical, ironic portraits of men who, in moments of illumination, talk in monologue or to another of the idealism in apparent failure. Nicodemus, humbled and obscured by Jesus, speaks to the skeptic Caiaphas. Jael kills Sisera and exults in a kind of religious frenzy. Toussaint, prepared for death, talks on life and death, power and decline. Ponce de Leon, dying, speaks of his search for the Fountain of Youth, and of death. There is one more poem of Annandale, and there is one of Hector Kane, very like the portraits in "The Town Down the River." A few more conversational lyrics make up the volume. Here is all of Robinson's wisdom—the inevitable technique and power that are always his—and here is the same philosophy—that beyond failure lies a kind of spiritual glory if the failure is due to man's search for light. One longer dramatic study of the love and hate between woman and man is included—this very much like some of the long narratives we have had recently from the poet's pen. The book gives us nothing new, to be sure, but it gives us more of the spirit and subtle interpretation of Robinson himself. Every poem in the new volume fits exactly into the scheme of Robinson's art and philosophy.

Romance in the Latin Elegiac Poets. By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

Miss Haight not only celebrates the charms of Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid as love poets, and recommends them as such to modern readers; she claims also that they have a place in the history of European fiction, coming as they do in the vanguard of romance and preparing the way for Petronius and Apuleius. Her case as a scholar is shrewdly argued; her efforts at "appreciation" and translation are less successful, since she is neither a critic nor a poet of especial skill. But her enthusiasm happens to be justified by the quality of the literature under discussion, and her book may serve excellently as an introduction to one of the great fields of poetry.

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Drama

Mother Was Right

SINCE 1906 Miss Rachel Crothers has produced about twenty-five plays, of which a remarkable number have achieved at least a moderate success. In the course of that time the tone of the American theater has changed enormously, and to a certain extent Miss Crothers has changed with it, but she has, nevertheless, Taken Up a Stand rather more definite than that of most of our more copious playwrights, and has constituted herself what might be called the enlightened defender of the conventional virtues. Times being what they are, she has, in these later days, admitted to her scene a good many examples of our modern youth, as well as quite a few of their more skittish elders. Hence, cocktails have been drunk, adulteries have been planned, and—in accordance with her obvious determination to speak to this generation in its own language—epigrams in the manner of the moment have flown freely about. But with it all Miss Crothers has never failed to let it be known what she thought about this general determination to kick over the traces. The moral has always been kept perfectly clear, and, tucked in somewhere or other, one was always sure to find the conclusion that Mother Was Right.

"When Ladies Meet," her new sentimental comedy at the Royale Theater, follows closely in the tradition which she has set, and before going any farther it becomes my duty to report three things: first, that most of the critics liked it very much; second, that the general public seems to agree so thoroughly that the play promises to be the first large financial success of the dramatic season; third, that it is most unusually well performed by a company which includes Frieda Inescort, Walter Abel, Selena Royle, and Spring Byington—of whom the last shines with especial brilliance in the role of a featherbrained little widow whose naivetes make Miss Crothers's points by indirection much more tellingly than they are made when put solemnly into the mouths of her more solid citizens. But having reported these facts, I feel free to add that I thought the play almost completely spoiled by the obtrusion of moralizing generalities sure to irritate a great many people who would have been willing enough to follow the author in all she had to say about the specific personages of her story.

This story has to do with an "advanced" prig who falls in love with a handsome but long-married publisher of her slightly phony books. Full of grandiose ideas about the rights of a great love, she is convinced in theory that the only decent thing to do is to test that love by a little cohabitation before the two of them confront the wife in a fine "clean" fashion. But the prig was reckoning without the personal element, and when, through the machination of an admirer determined to keep her straight, she meets the wife, reality destroys all her abstract theories. She realizes that the publisher was only a philanderer after all, and she realizes, besides, that her folly has been responsible for bringing the long-suffering wife to the point where she will forgive no more. And upon this somber situation the last curtain of an alleged comedy goes down.

As I have already hinted, I see no fault to find either with the situation or the characters through which it is developed. Both are true enough to contemporary life and both would be capable of furnishing an interesting commentary upon it. But Miss Crothers is so eager to preach that she cannot let the thing stand merely for itself. She is determined to draw general conclusions and to advance a sweeping dogma as dubious as the dogma of her priggish heroine. Right is right and wrong is wrong. Married men who make love to other women never really mean it. Women who fool themselves into believing that they can live with a man without forfeiting his respect are always wrong. Experiments like that which the heroine is about to make always fail. Decent women and loose women belong to different tribes, forever separate. Et cetera, et cetera.

Obviously the proper answer to a shallow fool is merely that life is not so simple as he thinks it. Circumstances alter cases, and one cannot build a life upon the basis of some abstract spiritual geometry. Big words do not necessarily mean big passions, and philandering is a common practice which becomes very dangerous when it involves a party of the second part incapable of recognizing the thing when he sees it. All this the story of "When Ladies Meet" says very clearly, but it cannot prove all that Miss Crothers seems determined to make it prove, and it breaks down under the load she would put upon it. Life is, she says, simple; you can get an answer positively deduced from a few elementary principles—only they are the exact opposite of those which her heroine chose. And as a result, what one has is not a convincing picture of the complexity of life, but only one set of platitudes put up against the other, and one glib generality opposed to another not a whit less glib. Mother was right.

Of "Nona" (Avon Theater) nothing much can be said except that it is a tawdrily romantic and conventional farce about a temperamental dancer. It is played with characteristic abandon by Lenore Ulrich, who, against one's better judgment, wins a kind of admiration for her genuine if unsubtle verve. On the other hand, "Americana," the new McEvoy review at the Shubert Theater, seems to me to be on the whole the most rewarding entertainment of its kind produced this season. Its satire runs out rather quickly, but there is some admirable dancing of a sort rather more serious than we are accustomed to, and despite all its variety there is a consistent style which makes for a unified impression.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ LECTURES □

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Films

Class War

HOLLYWOOD has so often been criticized for pandering to the tastes of the least intelligent of the movie-going public that any attempt it may make to rise to the level of adult intelligence, however hesitant and timid it may be, deserves to be noted with a word of encouragement and praise. In regarding "Cabin in the Cotton" (Strand) as such a praiseworthy effort, I am not unmindful of its failure to arouse anything approaching enthusiasm among the New York critics. A story with only a modicum of sex appeal, a central figure that is neither particularly relevant to the main theme nor sufficiently interesting as a character study, and a plot that lacks dramatic suspense cannot be expected to stir the blood of the sentimental cynics who view the world from the Broadway window. Nevertheless, to those whose interest in drama extends beyond the conflicts of individual consciousness and the specious dramatics of contrived entanglements "Cabin in the Cotton" will provide a welcome relief from the juvenile trivialities of the average Hollywood film.

There is no need to dwell at length on the main theme of the picture—the fierce struggle between the tenants and the planters in the cotton-growing South. The general facts are familiar enough—ceaseless toil and squalor on the one side, ruthless exploitation and a life of ease and luxury on the other. But if the facts are not new, their presentation on the screen without any glossing over of their disturbing social significance is something to be decidedly grateful for. Here is a corner of human life simmering with passions and hatreds that now and again burst into flames of wholesale destruction; to have it brought home to one's mind is to gain a new and valuable experience.

It is not that the film is faultless even as a social document. It makes a feeble attempt to suggest that the conflicting interests of the tenants and planters might be reconciled by some amicable arrangement on the basis of cooperative enterprise. But this is obviously a concession which the author of the scenario, Paul Green, had to make to his producers to absolve them from taking sides in a social conflict. One may wonder why a film-producing company should feel constrained to disclaim any intention of approving or disapproving the implicit message of a story it produces, as Warner Brothers do in this case by a special introductory statement from the screen. After all, the public is not particularly interested in the opinions of the producing companies. But such is the anomaly of the film industry. A film is not merely sponsored by a producing company, as a play would be, but is actually written and directed under the constant supervision of its producers. Under the Hollywood system it will be a long time before the author and the director are free to say just what they want to say and in the way they want to say it.

Only by bearing in mind such reservations as this can "A Bill of Divorcement" (Mayfair) be accepted as a film of more than average merit. Clemence Dane's play has been transferred to the screen with a care and sensitiveness that have preserved all its essential qualities. The film is intelligent, moving, and capably acted. Its main defect, and it is the defect of the adaptation, is that the situation it pictures—the sudden return from an asylum of an insane husband when his wife is on the point of marrying another man—carries the hall-mark of a stage conception designed to confront the spectator with a dramatic conflict which does not spring inevitably from the relationship of its characters.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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